CHURCHES
OF
CHRISTENDOM.

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CHURCHES OF CHRISTENDOM.

LECTURES, CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL

BY THE

REV. ALFRED JAMES BRAY.

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PREFACE.

After much solicitation from many friends I have consented to put forth the following lectures in a printed form. They were delivered to popular audiences, from my own pulpit, in Zion Church; and were received with more or less of appreciation. One or two of them provoked much excitement and controversy. I am not answerable for that. The Church that cannot afford to have its history told, and its doings criticised is in degenerate condition; and the men who try to put down freedom of speech by bluster, or blows, are fools. I have been much condemned by some "peace-loving" Protestants, and much threatened by some very ignorant, but devoted, Roman Catholics, and I have survived both.

I am well aware that in these lectures I have added but little to the general knowledge of Church History, and but little to the help of controversy, but my excuse is, they are lectures, and had, necessarily, to be brought forward in popular form, so as to give interest as well as information. But of this I am conscious: I have honestly striven to be accurate in all matters of history, and fair in all criticism.

Some complaints have been made that the Methodists and Presbyterians were not included in the series. It was unavoidable; six being as many as could be well pressed into the time at my disposal, I had to make choice of those churches which would enable me to keep along the historical line. It may yet happen that I shall have a criticism or two to offer on those churches. Meantime I commit my book to the candid, intelligent reader, hoping he may find in it some pleasure and some profit.

MONTREAL, May, 1877.

THE EASTERN CHURCH.

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The course of lectures I propose to deliver on some of the great Churches and religious movements of Christendom will be mainly historical and critical. And I want to say, at once, that my purpose is not to create, or to foster, an already existing spirit of hostility—not to pour oil on the fire which even now burns far too fiercely—but, as far as I can, to give information concerning the great and varied organizations which are the outward form of Christian life. I want to trace the various windings of the stream of cleansing and of life of which Jesus Christ is the unfailing fountain. I shall embrace every opportunity of comparing the ritual and the doctrine of the several branches of the church. I shall hold up, to my utmost reach, the virtues and graces of any church; and also, as far as in me lies, bring forth to prominent view their blunderings and their crimes. We shall find both in every church—virtue and vice, wisdom and folly, humility and pride, working of angel and working of fiend. Every church is touching the two great worlds—has its mingling of light and shadow, has precious stones in setting of iron. This, I fervently hope, may be a practical outcome of it all: a more charitable thought and sentiment toward our many brethren who see not as we see, nor worship according to our form; but are as earnestly groping after the same God, and worshipping with equal sincerity. This, if we are observant, and willing to read the meaning of historical facts, *must* result: that this stream, of which Christ was the living fountain, has been flowing on through many lands. It has become more or less tainted by the soil through which it passed; but still, in North and South, in East and West, it has borne a healing virtue to the people. It has fertilised the desert, causing it to rejoice and blossom as the rose. On its banks hosts of the weary of earth have gathered, and, when the thirst was quenched, lifted high the glad song of ransomed souls. Into its waters the lepers have gone, and found the flesh of a little child. Its silent flow has been, and is, the chiefest blessing of the world. This you will see, that truth is not lost to men, and cannot be.

Though, in passing from generation to generation, it has been so distorted at times that the ancient thing which stood forth at first, so divinely fair, is scarcely recognisable in the misshapen mass you look upon, yet it is there—there at the heart of it, half hidden in the enfolding conditions of man's invention, or wholly hidden by the dark-coloured wrappings which human superstition has woven out of its own ignorance—it is there, living and moving. Kings have raged against it, and gone storming in upon it with their fire and their sword ; priests, moved by pride and ambition, made of it a stalking horse, by which they rode to power ; they baptized the flesh and the devil, and allowed them to govern the church, calling each by a christian name. Under that goverance it became a colossus of crime, with a thin veil of hypocrisy lightly drawn over its face ; the vow of purity its children took often became license for the foulest sin ; but the *truth* lived on—the truth which Christ had taught by parable and speech—*it* lived on and shone on, the world's great light, revealing the way to heaven and God.

Let me say another word preliminary. When I speak of a "Church" I mean the human organization, the outward form and construction, an ecclesiastical system. Christianity is the gift of God working mightily in the soul ; a thing unseen, unsystemilyzed —a divine power, operating in the world of spirit. But the church is the product of human exigency, and of human invention. Jesus Christ gave no rule of working, but enjoined simply the principle of love, and no ritual, only that men worship God in spirit and in truth. But a church, an organized form of christian life and work was needed, and so it came to be. As it rose up at first bearing the name of Christ, in which it gloried, it presented a picture of rare beauty. It was not a forced and arbitrary union of men and women, but a free spontaneous growth. It was not the result of outward despotism, forcing upon them alliance for defence of natural rights and liberties, but it grew out of the truest principles and feelings of humanity. The social element, the family sentiment, the love that flamed in the heart fused the many into one.

And now to look at the Eastern Church. I am in difficulties at once. The subject is so large, so broad geographically and historically that even to give it a passing glance and reference is a task of no small dimensions. But the task is self-imposed, so that I have neither rhyme nor reason for complaint. And if you will lend me your attention I hope to prove skilful enough in my work

to make the subject interesting and the time seem short. In this I have an ally—it is not a worn out theme, and the change of scene and circumstance will give the story zest. To turn away from the turmoil of the Western world and wander for a while in the calm of the East, must be a pleasure now and always. The life is so unlike the life we live and look upon; in all the modes and customs you will have so much of oriental magnificence, joined with pagan barbarism that it must command your interest. But it will not be all new—you will meet the old familar names of Jerusalem, of Antioch and Alexandria, and almost fancy you can hear the first disciples as they bravely taught in synagogue or street. You will hap upon such old world, historic places, as Sinai in Arabia, and Arrarat in Armenia, and the cedar forests of Lebanon. As you pass along you may see hosts of pilgrims crowding the banks of the Jordan, and sanctuaries crowning the mountain heights as cities set on the hills. This Eastern Church covers a vast tract of country, and has many branches. Armenia, the church of which is largest and most powerful, has its home in the fastnesses of the mountain tract surrounding the historic Arrarat. A strange people these Armenian Christians, with a remarkable history behind them. They have battled bravely and long with the Mohommedans, their neighbors. They have been good merchants as well as zealous christians, and have demonstrated this, at any rate, that men may hold their doctrines very firmly and at the time grow rich. They are quiet as they are wealthy, and might well be called the Quakers of the East. They date their origin in the fourth century.

Then there is the Church of Syria with Antioch for its capital, where the name of christian was first given to the followers of the Nazarene. There is also the Coptic Church of Egypt, prone to call Alexandria its head, though even its patriarch has made his home in Cario. The Abysinian Church belongs also to the group, with its polygamy and old-world barbarisms. So barbarous indeed is that church that it could find it in its wicked old heart to canonise the weak and guilty Pilate, because he washed his hands before the accusing people and said, "I am innocent of the blood of this man." After that farewell Abysinia. I shall not climb a hill tonight, or cross a mile of desert to look in upon your filthy temples and your debased priesthood.

A fairer sight to look upon is the Greek Church, stretching from the desert of Mount Sinai all through the islands and coasts of the Levant

and Archipelago, with Greece and Constantinople for its centre. A venerable church this, the most venerable of them all, for from her they all went forth in turn, to call themselves by other names, and sometimes to have and teach far other creeds. Looking here we are reminded somewhat of the mighty men of Athens and of Sparta. We are reminded too of the time when the Greek, and not the Roman, was the tongue in which all teachers spoke its faith. We remember too that the first Church in Rome was but a colony of Greeks; that the first fathers of the Western Church were Greeks, and the first popes were not Italians but Greeks, the very name of pope being taken from the old and noble tongue.

And then there is last of all the vast Church of Russia, with face turned westward always, the link between past and future holding the key of all the East. So that the Eastern Church with all its branches, orthodox and heterodox, is cast, geographically considered.

You will find great names there too. A few of them to be remembered among the noble army of martys, and all of them mighty men to weild the sharp sword of logic in controversial times. There is Ignatius, brave enough to live or to die for the truth enshrined in his mind and heart. There is the Emperor Constantine, who gave the church peace, quenched the fire and broke the sword of persecution, and has since been canonised as a great saint—the equal of Apostles—quite unworthily, as I think, for he wrought fearful mischief in the church he protected from outward foes. We shall find him again directly and see that he was like no Apostle but Judas, and like no saint but Joe Smith of latter day notoriety. There is also Tertullian, a lion roaring in the theologic camp; and Arius, the great master and vendor of heresy; and Athanasius, the fierce polemic and creed maker, the champion of orthodox men in the church; and Chrysostom, the divine, and eloquent preacher. In more modern days you have Nicon the Magnificent, with the mind and heart of a Martin Luther, and the luxurious habits and care for display of a Cardinal Wolsey. Ambrose also is there, who suffered in the days of the Great Peter; and a host of other good men and mighty, of whom we know a few and Heaven knows all.

Turn for a little to the rise and first constructive policy of this Eastern Church. But to understand it well I must take you some way back in history. The early Christian Church had passed through three distinct phases of life and experience. The first was brightest and best perhaps. It was just after the Ascension, a time when

loving hearts were united, and lofty souls held loving converse. It was a brotherhood in which all had equal standing. The teacher taught, and his theme was Christ and Him crucified. The young learnt how small is earthly pleasure and how great is duty; and the old learnt to reflect with joy on the home and the rest Christ had gone to prepare. There was perfect equality; no man sought to lord it over God's heritage of souls. There was no ecclesiastical machinery with whose measured evolutions men were compelled to go round; there were no creeds as now, brimfull of cursing, but in the mind and heart christian thought of truth, and sentiments of universal love were growing, and outwardly there was the fair shining of just works. It was a time of peace, during which the growing trees of this garden of the Lord struck their roots deep down into the soil, touching and clinging to the primeval rock of eternal truth.

It was well; the strength was needed, for the church entered upon her second phase of life. The storm gathered and broke, and came beating down, and every tree swayed making trial of its root strength. The trouble first came from within. The form of church government was Republican, but in every Republic there is a possible, if not a probable despotism. Men began to grasp after power. It was Bishop against Presbyter, and the Bishop was victorious, creating a sacerdotal caste in the church, and making the old equality impossible. It was the introduction of Episcopacy, preparing the way for the Pope and the ten thousand evils that have clustered round the Papacy. Joining this inward trouble came violent assault from without. The wicked looked with hate, the learned with scorn, and the good often with contempt upon the band of Nazarenes. Then arose the strangest contest the world has ever seen. On the one hand the Greeks with their chaos of religion, a strange jumble of beauty and ugliness, virtue and vice, the cunning of the sophist and the sublimity of the sage; and Rome, sitting on her seven-hilled throne, proud mistress of the world; Rome with her skill, her unrivalled organization, her matchless eloquence, her invincible armies, old world institutions, pride and wealth and sin, were banded together. On the other side, and opposed to them all, a small band of men and women, not rich, and most of them quite unlearned, but each with the heart of a hero and the soul of a saint. Then arose the long conflict between Church and State, a mighty war of principles.

But the conflict ceased at last, and the church entered upon the

third phase of her life. Church and State became friends and made common cause against the people. The Church propped the State—the State protected the Church. The bishops blessed the King—the King made the bishops rich in this world's goods. So the church was broken ; her light hid, her beauty effaced. Then there came a time of silence ; the church was passing on her way to the ages, but through a secret channel. If she spoke, her words are nowhere written down ; if she did anything for men, history bears no record of it. To use the eloquent language of Dean Stanley, "The stream, in that most critical moment of its passage from the "everlasting hills to the plain below, is lost to our view at the very "point where we are most anxious to watch it ; we may hear its "struggle under the overarching rocks, we may catch its spray on "the bough that overlap its course, but the torrent itself we see "not, or only see by imperfect glimpses." That is as true as it is beautiful. But soon this stream comes forth to light again—broad waters, but not clear, and sadly troubled. In Africa it first appeared. Let us follow it as far as we may. But it will be needful for you to bear in mind that the progress of the church was not for a moment retarded by the persecutions of the State. The more the fires raged, and the sword flashed in bloody slaughter, the more the church increased. Timid men grew brave, and tender women met sword and gibbet with the heroism which is born of faith. The light of the truth shone everywhere—stars rose above the horizon and gleamed clear out in the night. The blood of the martyrs became the seed of a new harvest. So much did it grow and spread, that by the end of the third century the organization had assumed proportions formidable and alarming to the civil powers. The doctrines of christianity had spread among the soldiers of the Romish army, and at peril of life the brave men refused to join in sacrifice to the gods of heathendom. Servants of the Emperor they were, but first of all good soldiers of Jesus Christ, and ready to endure any hardness. The state of things was dangerous, for when the civil power got angry the church put on a revengeful mood. The Church of Nicomedia was razed to the ground by order of the King, and the christians retaliated and burnt his palace about his kingly ears. But speedily a change came, and came from a quarter to which none had looked. Constantine, who had escaped from the treacherous custody of Galerius, and had found refuge over in Britain, was casting about for some means of climbing to place and power. He

found it, and in this way: He would make the christians his steps to the throne. An inspiration from heaven, say a multitude of writers—a dark suggestion from the pit, it rather seems to me. It came to him in this shape: "If I but espouse the cause of the christians, I shall have a host of allies ready-made; I shall have strong partizans in every corner of the empire—men and women who will defy fire and sword in the name of the cause,—and, what is more important still, I shall find in every legion of the army staunch, unwavering adherents." This course he followed, unfurled a banner be called christian, and gained the throne full soon. Then the christians had entered on a time of peace, the fires were quenched by royal edict, and the prisons disgorged themselves. But oh! it was a fatal peace; better, a thousand times, the fiercest persecution than the right hand of royal protection. Church and state had married, and all the devils that prowled the earth must have caught at the ropes with eager joy to ring out a merry peal. A bloody Nero, or a savage Trojan, is not by half as dangerous as the suave policy of a Constantine. She set up her altars in the king's palace, and straightway sacrificed to idols. She clasped the imperial ornaments upon her brow and neck, which marred her simple beauty there and then, and ever since has well nigh stopped her breath. It was now that the church began to receive large endowments from the king and laity, and the clergy grew rich, and proud, and insolent. Then was begun that fatal scheme which prepared the way for the pope of Rome, which turned the church into an empire, with many lands and much wealth. And this Constantine, the first christian king, as he is called, who has been canonized,—put far up in the calendar, side by side with Paul, perhaps—what claim has he to the honor? As I think, and many more, not any at all. He was proclaimed king in the good old English city of York, and at once espoused the cause of the christians. And why? and what for? Simply because the christians were many in number and strong in influence, and would serve his purpose well. If he could have found any other tool he would have used it just as readily. He was a far-seeing man; so shaped a policy for himself. He was handsome, with the look and courage of a lion, brave in battle and subtle in the council chamber, and soon achieved a resistless popularity. And those are his best and, as far as I can find, his only claims to saintliness. A christian? Well, he was pagan as much as christian, and a little more perhaps. He worshipped Jesus

Christ, and he also worshipped the sun; wishing to be impartial, always. He built a huge pillar of porphry, and put upon the top of it a statue in which the sun, the Saviour, and himself, the emperor, mingled. So he had learnt humility, it appears, in joining himself with the great lights of the material and spiritual worlds. In dress, Constantine was a barbarian—in eating, a beast; all the world knew him for a glutton. He murdered his son Crispus, also his nephew Licinius, and then suffocated his wife Fausta in a steam bath. A great saint, surely! He was converted, too, after a fashion of his own, for he put off his baptism till the pains of death had taken hold upon him, that he might sin safely through life, be washed in dying, and thus float clean and safe into heaven upon the broad bosom of baptismal waters. He executed his purpose well, for when the time came in which he felt that his end was nigh, he sent for the priests, was baptised with many a prayer and many a blessing, dressed in robes of dazzling white, and so the great king and great saint died. The archangels, of course, bore him aloft with jubilant songs, but the church of earth bowed down with sorrow in sackcloth and in ashes. Better that the church had sent up a shout of joy, and set itself to undo the mischief he had done, for it was great, and destined to prove a lasting curse. I wish I could say a good word for this king, who has been so loudly praised; but, having regard to my character as an honest man, I cannot; for, judged from a christian standpoint, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, from his first day to his last, there was not a good thing in him. True, he gave vast sums of money to the church, but that was dictated by a worldly policy, and not by christian generosity. He wanted to make the church rich enough, and powerful enough, to attract to herself the ambitious, and so divert them from politics. I wish I could banish him out of sight; but I cannot even do that, for we must follow his career somewhat if we would see the workings of this Eastern Church.

In the year 330 this most christian king then turned his back upon the city of Rome in search of a new capital. It was time. His crimes had roused the fury of the people. They likened him to the infamous Nero, and the Romans were likely to make Rome as hot for Constantine as Nero had made it for the Romans. The enraged king projected a wholesale massacre of the populace; but abandoned that, and took his revenge by degrading the city to a subordinate rank, and building Constantinople as the seat of im-

perial empire. So the metropolis was changed, and the church passed into a new phase.

The Nicean Council is the next point of importance. It came about in this way: There were many causes of dissension among the christians. Sometimes it was a question of discipline, but oftener a question of doctrine. Murmurs were growing loud against the Pagan branches that were being grafted on to the christian stock. But it was in the ancient city of Alexandria that the gathered storm first broke; and, as it often happens, personal ambition was the prime cause of it. There was in that city one Arius, a Presbyter, who could be content with no office less than that of a bishop. But another, Alexander by name, supplanted him, and grasped the prize. Arius had many supporters, for he was a much admired man—a man perhaps to be envied, for some seven hundred virgins of the Mareotic have looked upon him lovingly. Then was seen a sad sight, and a great scandal. The would-be bishop accused the actual bishop of heresy. The bishop answered back by excommunicating his accuser. And not without some show of reason, for Arius had vented the heresy that there was a time when God the Son did not exist, and a time when God the Son began to be—so plainly subordinating one person in the Holy Trinity. Answers came fast and furious, and controversy raged. The people of Alexandria were amused greatly at this strife of tongues among the holy fathers, and went over the disputations for themselves in the theatre by night. Jews and Pagans broke out in scornful laughter. "See how the christians love," they cried, "how close the bonds of brotherhood are drawn. Arius and Alexander, Presbyter and bishop, see how well they fight." And they did fight well; and the arena broadened, and the number of combatants increased on either side. It spread through Africa and Egypt, convulsing and rending asunder many lands and many churches. To try and heal this ever-widening breach, Constantine called a council at Nicea. That council was perhaps the most remarkable the world has ever known. Can you imagine the scene? The gathering was in one of the principal buildings of the town, probably the Gymnasium, and it was filled with a strange crowd. There were men who had lived through the last persecution, and bore traces of the suffering then endured. Some had lost an eye, and some had been lamed by the hot iron. There in a group are the deputies of the Egyptian Church, with Bishop Alexander at their head. Close

beside him is a young man who has not yet seen his 25th birthday. He is insignificant in appearance, and only a deacon as yet; but he has an open face, a ready tongue, and plenty of argument at command. He will prove himself to be the most refined and elaborate curser of any age, for he will make a creed full of the hottest damning. I am speaking of course of the great Athanasius. There, too, is another man worth looking at. He is very tall and very thin. A few changes one could suggest would make him handsome. The face is worn and deadly pale; his dress, that of an ascetic, grotesque almost in length of skirt and shortness of sleeve. His hair hangs in a tangled mass over his head. Usually he is silent; but at times breaks out with fierce excitement that seems near akin to madness. Yet they say he has a sweet voice and an earnest, winsome manner, which accounts, I suppose, for the large and perplexing following of the seven hundred virgins; for, of course, I am describing Arius, the heretic. And so I might fill up the picture by showing you the Coptic hermits and the deputies from Syria. Eusebius, too, the father of church history, and Nicholas, of Myra, and Theophilus, the Goth, and, last of all, the great king and great saint, Constantine himself.

The Council, it seems to me, was little more than a solemn farce. As such Councils often do, it settled the question by simply evading it. A creed was drawn up it is true, at the time temporising and convenient, but as the event has proved, marked by a disastrous ambiguity. The Atheniasian Creed grew out of it. I am sorry for those who are compelled to hear, and still more sorry for those who are compelled to read the Athanasian Creed. The emperor was there to enforce the decision of the council. Arius was banished—denounced through east and west, and the most christian edict went forth from this most christian king that whosoever should find a book of Arius and did not burn it should straightway suffer death. O! friends, these are things to weep over. A little while ago, it seems but yesterday, and christians were brothers all. Whatever of storm raged around, in the camp where they gathered there was peace; the many were of one heart and of one mind; eating bread together and praying and praising God with gladness. They had no favour of kings or nobles, but what was better far, they had the love which fills all earth and heaven with joy, and the meekness which, while it suffers, conquers men; they had no palaces of costly marble or lofty temples of gold and silver

and cedar wood; but they had each a palace in heaven, which the Lord had prepared—an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away. They had no earthly honour or title of dignity, but each rejoiced in the assurance that he was a king and a priest unto God—a king by right of his new birth, a priest by God's own anointing. And here were their descendants playing the parts of courtiers and parasites, taking royal bribes and giving thanks, bending themselves in the house of Rimmon, men declaring love for the same dear Christ, reading the words of his gospel of peace—yet, meeting in fierce fight to rend and tear each other. The voices that should have been raised in eloquent rebuke of sin, or to tell out the message of mercy Christ had brought, were only raised in angry controversy. The derisive laughter of the pagan, the theatres trading in caricatures of christian polemics, the multitude drawing amusement from the way they carried on their war of words, showed how great the folly and the sin. Oh God! that the church should fall so low, and that men should hate each other so in the name of holy religion. But, brothers, are we better than our fathers were? They neglected the heathen and spent themselves in mutual recrimination—often we do the same. They passed actual evils of daily life over in the careful search for a possible heresy—often we do the same. God grant that the church may learn, that the work she has to do is not to build up palaces of theology, and that the duty of a christian is not to destroy a christian, but to save the world and bring it unto God the Father.

To note the historical epochs of this great church would require almost as many hours as are left to me minutes. It had its long hard battle with heresies, the Arian proving, perhaps, most formidable of them all; it had its internal convulsions and revolutions. Fragments broke away from it and became greater than the original. Rome rose up by and by to dispute the supremacy with Constantinople. But its most bitter, its deadly enemy has been, and still is Mahometanism, which arose in the seventh century. Its origin and wonderful growth is a story I cannot tell now, and I suppose is known to most of you. In every way it opposed itself to the christianity of the Greek Church. It is not to be wondered at, for Mahometanism is, without doubt, the unholy product of christian dissension. It is not so much a new religion that was founded, but rather a foul heresy that arose. And its progress was helped by wars among christians. They had turned holy religion into a fire-

brand of hell for contention and violence, when almost suddenly a sword flashed before them which made the stoutest heart quail. It was the sword of the Saracen. It went gleaming in bloody slaughter and conquering from end to end the Eastern provinces of the Roman Empire. And the christians yielded. They who had fought like lions over some form of theological expression, some abstruse notion, or doctrinal scruple, sacrificing all things to it, gave up their land, their church, the very name of christian to their savage and barbarous conqueror. Constantinople became the chief city of the Mussulman Turk.

But the Eastern Church passed into a new phase, and to the Mahometan Turk arose a foe called of God, I trust, to crush him. I am speaking of the rise of the Russian Church. The end of the 10th century was a dark time in European history. Men were looking with pale faces and failing hearts for the end of the world to come. The whole Romish Church was corrupt from centre to circumference. The Papal See had become the prey, and at times, the prize of bold profligates. Then sprang into life the Russian Church. A grain of mustard seed got sown in Russian soil, and speedily sprang up and spread great branches out. The story goes that to Vladimir, a fierce Prince, who ruled in the Isle of Rugen, a pagan place, deputations went from the various churches, each of which sought to convert him to its faith. The Bulgarian Mussulmans went; the representatives of Western Christendom went next; the sons of Abraham went then, and then one wise man from Greece, to tell of the faith and glory of the Greek Church. Vladimir and his nobles heard them speak and witnessed their form of worship, and finally made choice of the faith and worship of him who had come from Greece. By royal command the people disgraced their national idol and turned christian. A poor enough beginning, but great and grand in its results. I should like to follow its wondrous spread, to watch the rise of Moscow with its stately towers, to linger on those vast highways and speak of the people who pass. I should like to stay and hear a sermon from Chrysostom, he of the silver tongue, to see how the good and brave Ambrose suffered for the people, to see the great Peter, too, the Czar of all the Russias, with his clear head, his indomitable will, and his heavy boots, but I have not time at command, and will only ask you to stand off a little and look in upon the life the church has long been living—what she has been, what she is now, for she moves but little if at all.

This will strike you perhaps first of all—the strong speculative tendency of the Eastern Churches. Among them is the birthplace and natural home of philosophy, and of all the subtler forms of theologic thought. In this it contrasts greatly with all the churches of the West. The spirit of the East and the spirit of the West are vastly different. In the West you have an almost savage energy, a magnificent freedom. In the East you have intellectual repose. The East can only busy itself about creeds and matters of the mind. The West *will* only busy itself with the concrete facts and things of life. The East seeks first for orthodoxy; the West strives after catholicity. The Eastern Council met to determine the nature of the Godhead. The first decree of Rome was to prohibit the marriage of the clergy. The Western theology is hard, tangible, and for the most part based on common sense. The Eastern theology is rhetorical, speculative, dealing with abstract things and always based on philosophy. Of course I prefer the Western, for it seems to me infinitely better to make a man a good christian, having an inward faith that breaks out in just works, than to make him a good philosopher or subtle theologian. I would rather have the heart full of love and goodness than have the head full of abstract notions and unanswerable arguments. Athanasius was a great polemic, and a mighty man in a war of words, but I have never heard that the world was much the better for his presence in it, and I am sure that the church has been made the worse for the creed he gave it, in which he heaped up damnations with so much heat and skill. Many a poor Methodist preacher, who could scarcely speak his mother tongue with gracefulness, has been a brighter light and a greater good than he. *Great hearts* are the greatest arguments; a holy life is more convincing than a thousand creeds.

Another prominent feature in the Eastern Church is its monastic system. Anthony is the father of it. He wandered and fasted and prayed by the Dead Sea shores, thinking, poor man, that to starve was a form of piety; and to lacerate the body, and to fill the mind with gloomy thoughts, would be a sacrifice acceptable to God. Of course he soon got men to copy him, as most fanatics do. Speedily, in the Lybian and Arabian deserts, monasteries arose, peopled with monks who thought that, if the body were well loopholed and windowed by hard usage, the light of heaven could better fall in upon the soul. He would be unjust who should pour unqualified scorn or condemnation upon the monastic system. Some of the first

ascetics were God-fearing and self-sacrificing men. It was a strong protest against the popular vice of self-indulgence. It was like the teetotalism of to-day, not an absolute good, but an expedient and a powerful remedy. The life of the christians at first was a grand rebuke to all the Pagan world. They lived in great simplicity, eating and drinking to live, and not living to eat and to drink. They were diligent in business, but not hasters after riches. That they had they held as stewards, and gave in regal largess to the poor and needy. But full too soon the change came. Christians hungered for wealth, and sought madly after sensual delights. The monastic system came as a great and stern corrective, and for long wrought a good work in the earth. In the early days of christianity in Russia, the monasteries were homes of labour and of culture. In them were kept the chronicles on which Russian history is based. They stood forth as watch towers, from which a kindly light was poured forth upon the dark places of heathendom. Later on, they served as bulwarks against the two great enemies of Russia, the Mahommedan Tartars on one side, and the Roman Catholic Poles on the other. Their inmates were good and simple men, not only given to prayer, but to honest toil with their hands. But it is the old story, alas! alas! corruption always comes. In the course of time the church was changed. The monks accepted gifts, and the monasteries grew rich. The corrective has been made to minister to the passions of the debauchee; the profession of abstinence has been turned into a mantle for the drunkard and the glutton. It was good at first, for there was a foul fiend in the church that went destroying all its strength and beauty, and would not go out but by prayer and fasting. Thrust out for awhile, it came back again with sevenfold increase of power to steal, to kill, and to destroy.

The *worship* of the Greek Church is a strange mixture of barbaric rudeness and elaborate ceremonialism. Statues and graven images of any kind are rigidly excluded, and hated bravely as any Puritan could do; and yet they worship pictures with a zeal which has passed into an ungovernable fanaticism. Music is unknown in service, and an Eastern worshipper would be as outraged as any Scotch Presbyterian of the straight old school, at the notes of an organ ringing through transept and nave.

It is not missionary either, that spirit has not been born there, and from her alters no men go forth with burning zeal for the souls of the pagan world. It was, and is, content to pursue its own calm round

of service and of life, leaving to others the task of wresting kingdoms from the devil. But the priests are not arrogant and despotic as are the priests of the Western world; they never reach the individual mind, or seek to crush the individual conscience by terror and superstition; there is no great ecclesiastical system there framed for smiting down the people and robbing them of freedom. Nor is there that harsh and persecuting intolerance that will not let a brother live if he speak his shibboleth in his own way. Its attitude to Rome to-day is that of uncompromising hostility. Soon after Pio Nono took possession of the Vatican, and long before he was infallible in other opinion than his own, his high and mightiness penned a long epistle to the churches of the East. You would imagine perhaps that the voice of the temporal and spiritual potentate, him who held the keys of Peter, so keeping the gates of heaven, would command awe and reverence, if not ready obedience in all the lands of the Orient. He was willing to speak words of peace and fatherly affection to those "who indeed," said he "serve Christ, but are aliens from this holy throne of Peter." And he besought them to return to their allegiance. But they answered him right scornfully. They called his holiness the Pope a "protestant;" aye, worse than that, which was the most unkindest cut of all, they called him a "dissenter." They said—"of the heresies which have spread over a great part of the world Arianism was one, and popery is another. But like the former which has altogether vanished, the latter also, although now flourishing, shall not endure to the end, but shall pass and be cast down, and that mighty voice shall be heard from heaven, it is fallen—it is fallen." Well and bravely spoken. It is a prophecy; it shall be fulfilled. Rome is doomed we know—it will not, it cannot endure to the end. But may not the words turn back with the sound of doom upon the church that uttered them. Can *it* endure to the end? Will its great names, its philosophies, its creeds and dogmas save it when the fire comes that shall try all things human. No—I think not. Russia has life, has dignity—she stands forth to-day ready to draw her sword against the vile Turks, and if it be drawn, God speed it. But Russia's church, all the Eastern Church is like to die for lack of energy. Its centuries of calm repose have been centuries of crime. The true church is the place where holy faith brings forth good works, and flames in the heart as a fire; and not a huge receptacle for worn out creeds and rituals—as well be a catacomb where the dead lie in silence. The

Eastern Church to-day is stagnant, she is but a splendid mausoleum guarding the bones of the honoured dead. Her eyes are backward, they should be on; her hands hang down, they should be lifted in holy prayers for the people. She glories in the name of Orthodox; and if any church may claim that distinction, surely she may. She has not changed with the changes of time and the world. Rome has changed whenever the need arose. She has not. The world has moved, she has stood still. But what has orthodoxy done for her? What has it done for the world? If christianity is to be judged by the tests of ecclesiastical history; if it is to be measured by the orthodox zeal of great Doctors of Divinity, we have but little of hope in the future. But we have more than that. Our true christianity is not seen in dogmas and creeds—is not revealed by controversy; the voice of disputation rings with a strange hollowness upon the ear, and the enduring world finds no beauty in them. But *this* is the true christianity which speaks in noble deeds, teaching men to love it for the shining light and happy life it gives, the spirit that dives with passionate charity into the dark recesses of sin and woe, that irrigates every quarter of the globe with the fertilizing stream of a boundless benevolence that has blessing and healing for all men. The hungry world asks for bread, the orthodox church gives it a creed of Athanasius or Augustine; it asks for the water of life, and lo! a glittering stream of words. The Eastern Church is dying; it must change or cease to be. Western energy is pouring in upon Eastern lands. Russia is wisely giving it welcome, and Russia will live thereby. All the Eastern Church may follow, and then when she cares more for just and holy living, when she is willing to lead the people from good to better, when she has learnt to hail the advent of new forces of life and forms of truth, then the beautiful East shall lift up the voice of gladness, her noble poetry and philosophy shall shine with new lustre, then shall her priests be clothed with salvation and her saints rejoice in goodness. May the mighty voice speak to her soon, ringing through her mighty temples—"Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee."

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

The decline and fall of the Roman Empire is at once a wonder and a simple thing. To see her as she once was, with her matchless eloquence, her well devised organization, her brave and skilful armies, her commanding position, geographically considered, one would almost dare to predict for her a lasting and splendid empire. The seven-hilled city had for ages been increasing in glory of knowledge, and strength. But her strength was to fail her, and her glory be dimmed. In my last lecture, on the Eastern Church, I spoke of the time when the king, Constantine, left Rome and founded the city of Constantinople as the seat of government. At once decay set in, and Rome's decline was rapid. Many of the nobles had followed the king, wealth flowed in by fewer and by shallower streams, and the ancient wisdom failed in the chambers of the senate. At once anxious to escape the rage of Roman citizens, and to erect for himself an eternal monument of the glories of his reign, Constantine drew from Rome wealth, and labour and genius. At his death the vast empire was divided between his three sons, and soon civil war went flaming from end to end. Weakness, by heaven's decree, follows after war. Wasted by internal strife, it became an easy prey to the fierce Goths and Vandals. The time came when Rome was compelled to contemplate the loss, or desolation, of her provinces from the ocean to the Alps. The estates of her senators were confiscated by the rapacious Vandals ; her fountains of wealth had dried up ; Rome's glory was impaired—her greatness almost gone. The end was not long in coming. Maximus was king. At one time a senator, he learned to aspire after the crown. By dint of cunning and crime, he achieved this object of ambition, but only to find that weary lies the head that wears a crown. Three months, during almost every hour of which he was tormented by remorse, or guilt or terror, saw the end of his reign and his life. His throne was shaken, by sedition when the Vandals landed at the mouth of the Tiber. Maximus sought safety in flight ; but, in the streets of Rome, his people murdered him. Then

all in the city was turmoil and panic, and the Vandals were thundering at the gates. Not an army of Romans, but a band of the clergy, with their bishop at their head, issued forth from the gates. The Bishop Leo, noble in fearlessness, and powerful by reason of his eloquence, sought to save his people from the conquering sword of the barbarian. He seemed to triumph, for the Vandal king, Genseric, promised to spare the unresisting hosts, and to protect the buildings from fire. If the command was given, it was not heeded; and for fourteen days Rome and its inhabitants were given over to the licentious uses of the Vandals and the Moors, who did their awful work of outrage and slaughter with a blind, mad fury. Rome had fallen; her empire was broken up; her all of glory and of strength shattered into a thousand fragments. It was the great fall of a great power—it was the magnificent ruin of a magnificent throne. Let him weep over it who will, I have not a tear to shed. Rome did much to help on civilization; but it became a great despotism, and, sooner or later, any despotic power must come to nought—fall as Rome fell, and be broken as Rome was broken. God speed the time.

But Rome will not drop out of world history. She will not cease to command the attention of all nations, for another empire will find its seat there; but this time it will be ecclesiastical and not civil. Mark the rise of it. At about the close of the 5th century, a struggle began between the bishops of Rome and those of Constantinople for supremacy. The Bishop of Rome brought about a crisis by excommunicating the Bishop of Constantinople; who, in turn, excommunicated the Bishop of Rome. Already the western prelate had learned to use haughty language to the emperor. "You are the sovereign of the human race," said he, "but you bow your neck to those who preside over things divine." That was the foreshining of the church's power over all things temporal; an indication of the spirit that was in her, and what her purpose was. Already she was moving with the impulse of a boundless and quenchless ambition.

I need not stay now to tell the story of its progress—how with commanding force it went from land to land, from cape to continent, from island to archipelago, subduing thought, reason, conscience, judgment, individuals and communities unto itself. Let it suffice that I point you for a moment to a scene which will show you how powerful the church had grown to be. Hildebrand is pope, and

calls himself Gregory VII. Until now the pontifical tiara has always been second in glory to the crown; the king was greater than the pope. Hildebrand, in the quiet of a monastic life at Clugni, has matured a scheme which shall reverse that, and make the tiara mightier than the crown. The bold diplomatist has found no rest since, for he must make his thought a thing. He has raised five popes in succession to the papal chair, content that others shall have the name since he has grasped the reins of power. His first move was to wrest from the king the right to confirm the election of a pope, and place both election and confirmation in the hands of the cardinals. That move was directed against Germany, which nation then was in the ascendant. But he has other moves yet, some of which will startle the world. The great pope-maker is at last made pope, and at once begins one of the most wonderful trials of personal skill and strength the world has ever seen. On the one side Henry, King of Germany and Italy—on the other, Pope Gregory VII. But Henry is ill-prepared to do battle with the skilful and bold Hildebrand, for those who had the care of his youth made it their object and first endeavour to debilitate his mind and body. While yet a child he was called to the throne, and Agnes, his mother, a womanly woman, was regent for awhile. At thirteen years of age the bishops stole him from Kaiserworth, on the Rhine, and consigned him to a captivity most sumptuous, but most enervating. They opened broad avenues of pleasure, and encouraged the young passions to rush forth without control of conscience or of reason. They had denied him discipline and instruction, and taught him only in the ways of folly. The pope was strong in body and mind, and full of a great idea. When yet in the cloister at Clugni, before his prophetic eye arose a vast theocratic state, the Bishop of Rome its head, ruling, in the name of God, the kings and dignitaries of the earth. Heathen Rome had risen to conquer and to civilize; but christian Rome had a far loftier mission—it was to conquer and to save, with salvation everlasting. But not in fine dreams did he waste his time, for he set his hand to the work of reformation in the church, caused laws to be passed compelling the married clergy to put away their wives, fought battle after battle,—now with weapons spiritual, and now with weapons carnal—has given out hot anathemas and sharp sword-thrusts, until he is master of the field. So he and Henry meet—the strong man as pope, the weak man as king. It was a great conflict, but the king went under—the pope triumphed. See

how mighty the church has grown to be: Henry, unkinged and excommunicated, broken in spirits as in fortune, has crossed the Alps in winter time to throw himself at the feet of the pope as a humble suppliant for mercy. It is cold, the earth is covered with snow,—even the fierce mountain streams have ceased to flow, for the mountain frost holds them in its grip—and Henry, descendant of many kings and ruler of many lands, thinly clad, and alone, ascends slowly the rocky path which leads to the fortress of Canossa. He passed the first and second gates, but not the third—it is closed against him. The pope is within, but will not open. For three days and nights he is there pleading before that closed gate—crouching down in cold, in hunger, and in shame. The trial is long and hard—so long and so full of humiliation that the watching world grows scornful of the suppliant king and sick of the papal vengeance. At last the gate opens, and Henry bows before the pope, pleading for readmission to the church and repossession of his crown. The triumph is complete—the church is dominant; no one to dispute her word, be it for heaven or for earth—be it in matters civil or matters religious. She rules kings as the common people; her hand is upon the proudest throne, and he who sits thereon must acknowledge her authority. Her thunder went rolling from end to end of Europe, striking terror to every heart; the valour and the chivalry of western civilization rallied round her standards; the haughtiest nobles obeyed her mandate; the multitude of the people were to her as slaves. She was queen of a vast empire.

It was a wonderful thing, this rise and spread and grasping of power. I should like to look a little at the chief causes of it. And let me say here, so as to make it prominent, that the Roman Church took root in the mind and heart of men, spreading far and wide abroad by reason of the truth of God and of Christ she held and taught. She sent the spirit of christianity abroad among the ruins of the old world; it shone as light in the dark places of earth; it moved among the people as a divine power. She gave to the people great and swelling thoughts of God, with overpowering eloquence she declared a living Christ as the Saviour of men; she demanded faith within, and without just works; she reared up holy altars where the broken in heart could offer acceptable sacrifice; her sons were manly men, strong to do or to suffer; her daughters were womanly women, brave in heart and beautiful in conduct; her priests were clothed with righteousness; her saints shouted for joy. To the

people she came as a gentle mother, exercising a kindly and humane influence. She softened the rage of secular wars, she stood up for the poor and feeble against the tyranny of kings and nobles. True to her name and mission—for she had came in the name of One who was despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with griefs, a man who at his best estate had not where to lay His head, who through life was a pauper companying with the poor, and died at last upon a cross—coming in His name, the Church sided with the people, the poor and the oppressed. With something of the spirit of Him who gave his life a ransom for many, the church stood forth as champion of popular freedom. She came to the baron, whose spirit was haughty, and whose hand was red with the blood of reckless slaughter; who sat in his grim cliff castle as a hungry giant, who robbed and outraged and slaughtered—she came to him and with a word struck a terror to his heart that paralyzed his arm. She was an impartial mother, taking all to her bosom, the rich and the poor, the wise and the foolish. There were delicate spirits that could not bear the roughness of the outer world, she provided them asylums where they could spend their lives in prayer and contemplation. Men grew sick of the fever of the world, got shattered by the storms which went thundering through the state, and longed for a little rest with which to close the day of earthly life, the church found them a hospital. For the brave and energetic she had great work, for men of contemplative turn she had the cloister. Every way was open to all—the poorest of her sons, if he had the genius in him, might climb to the highest seat. Her theology was soothing to the obedient, making the way to heaven easy, but to the disobedient it was as thunder and lightning crushing the soul down to an everlasting hell. The church was armed with divine omnipotence, with power to scourge or bless at will. At first she used truth only in her warfare, but soon got to use any weapon that would serve for the hour. Men had the Bible, God's spoken word to the world, but the church was over the Bible, its only infallible interpreter. By her priests she entered into the most secret chamber of every soul, so that no life or part of life could be separate from her. When the child was born the priest was there to baptize it; the church gave the youth its education in letters; was the confidant of the young man's love; knew all his inward and outward life, temporal as well as spiritual; soothed his declining days; and at the last administered extreme unction, by which heaven was opened. From

first to last the church was in the place of God to him, ruling his conscience, his intellect, and giving him his faith. People converted from paganism wanted a ceremony, the church gave it in full measure. New sacraments were introduced as the need for them arose. New doctrines were invented and at once made infallible. Everything was pressed into the service of the church. If the people wanted music, they had to go to the church for it; if they wanted to see grand displays of the fine arts in architecture, in carving, in images, in paintings, they could only see it by going to the church.

Then, there was her organization, based on that of ancient Rome, the city of organizations and practical rules. In the old empire the individual was subordinated to the state; and so it was in the new ecclesiastical empire. The individual was nothing; the church was all. Every priest was a well drilled soldier, having no conscience of his own, no judgment of his own, no freedom of will or of action, his only to obey his ecclesiastical superiors. The priests were often earnest men, going here and there preaching with a fiery eloquence; but their zeal was kept in limits prescribed by the church. If it broke beyond, the church punished the offender with awful severity, or smiled and passed it by. The priests were often learned men; but their philosophy, their logic, or their science was submissive to the church. Against such an organizarion and such energy what could stand?

But still more may be reckoned of the alliance with the civil power. At first, as we know, the church separated the spiritual from the temporal power, which had been more or less united in the theocrasies of India, Egypt and Judea. Just as in doctrine and form of worship much of old world paganism was introduced, so in this the church took a step backward and got united with the state, which union can only be effected at any time to the lasting detriment of both church and state. The church stood first on a purely moral basis; it shunned all temporal affairs; it left political action to the state and confined itself to intellectual and religious action. It grew in spite of the state, and in the midst of civil persecution. But Constantine changed the face of things. He established religion and made the church a national institution. So there was a revolution, a transformation, destined, as I think, to act most disastrously upon the church by taking from her the purely spiritual character and turning it into a political institution. The alliance was assumed from henceforth. When, in 473, Theodoric

conquered Italy, he himself appointed a pope; a pagan king appoints God's vicar upon earth! Not long after that, Theodora, who had been a common prostitute, and afterwards became the emperor's wife, sold the papal chair to Vigilius for two hundred pounds of gold. The great brave fisherman, Peter, could scarcely have dreamt that his seat would ever be worth so much. But so it is—the improbable is always happening, and history is full of irony.

But this alliance with the civil power was destined to do great things for the church, considered as an ecclesiastical institution; for it became real and more profitable. An ambitious Frank officer took a fancy for the crown of his sovereign; not quite a solitary case. But this time it seemed to him he could make his fancy a fact, if only the pope would sanctify the act. The deed of covenant was not long in making. The Frank officer, Pepin by name, consummated the act, and Pope Zachary gave it papal benediction. The Pope and Pepin were helpful to each other; the one wanted liberation from Constantinople and the Lombards, the other wanted the crown of France. The thing was done. Pepin caused himself to be proclaimed King of France, shut up the rightful sovereign in the convent of St. Omer, and kept his compact with the pope by defeating the Lombards and giving a part of their territory to the holy father; who, as his part of the bargain, went to France, placed the crown upon the head of the usurper, and then anointed him with holy oil. Then, for the first time, the Pope of Rome became a temporal sovereign. I will not stop now to characterise the morality of the movement. It was at least a great success.

Then comes Charlemagne, the brave, the kingly, the magnificent; one of the greatest men our royal palaces have sheltered. He faithfully adhered to his father Pepin's contract with the pope. He waged a thirty years war with the Saxons, and finally conquered Spain, Italy, Germany and Hungary. And every conquest of Charlemagne was a victory for the church. His sharp sword was her mighty missioner. When cities or nations were compelled to own the great French king as temporal sovereign, they were also forced to own the Pope of Rome as spiritual head. They were baptised at the sword's point, subscribed to Romish doctrines to escape instant death, and gave some portion of their lands, or paid it out in tithes, to build churches and feed the priests, because they couldn't help it. So the church grew and multiplied, became rich, became powerful—more powerful at last than any king, as we

have seen by that strange spectacle at Canossa, where Henry is suppliant.

But that was the moment of her greatest triumph. She had reached the mountain's crest, and began to descend on the other side. I began by comparing two periods—the time of her rise and the time when Hildebrand so greatly prospered. Let me give a comparison now of the power of the Roman Church when Hildebrand was pope and the Roman Church now. Then the voice that spoke from the Vatican went thundering through all Europe, and not a king and not a noble dared to disobey it; now it is but a feeble cry, a peevish wail, at which a peasant laughs, and is not afraid. Then, at its call, the valour and the chivalry of all Christendom would have rallied round its standard—a million swords would have leapt from their scabbards in answer to its lightest nod; now, a few hundred French and Belgians and Irish only would respond to her appeal for martial help. Then the wealth of great nations was at her command—she could levy taxes and compel the payment of them; now, a pitiful appeal has to be made by Pio Nono for the sparse coppers of the poor and the sparser gold of the rich. Even then the answer often seems to be—Nothing to give. Henry, greatest of the western kings, stood barefoot in the cold before the Pope of Rome, meekly begging for his crown,—and *now*, in all Germany the papal dove can find no green thing to rest upon. The decay of the Roman Church is more wonderful than its rise and prosperity. Compared with the vast expenditure of force and skill it took to build it up, it stood but a little while. For ten centuries or more the work of building went on, but it held its glory for barely one. At one time the church, like the Berserkers of northern romance, seemed to possess the soul and strength of each antagonist it slew; but a change came, a time when storms went thundering in upon her system—her doctrines—her priesthood—and it was found that she had lost much of her ancient strength and skill. Can we find the causes of this rapid decline? I think so.

And first of all, the ambition which for a time helped them to achieve such mighty things, began to work out its own destruction. The spirit of Rome's ancient heroes and mighty men, Fabius, Regulus, Cicero and Cæsar came into the church. The bishops had practical skill; obstinate endurance; power of speech, with words like battle-axes swung by a giant's arm; a quenchless lust of power, a resolution which nothing could overturn. They organized the

church as ancient Rome had organized the empire,—and, like the old empire, the organization became too vast, too cumbrous, and fell to pieces. Other organizations grew up within the circle, began to expand more and more, and then there was collision, and conflict, and the old was broken.

But still more did the Church of Rome suffer from that alliance with the state which at one time gave it so much material prosperity. It was inevitable—sooner or later disaster must follow on wrong. In the history of the world it has never happened that the state has protected and formed an alliance with the church from pure and disinterested motives, but it has always been done from political considerations. Whenever the state has given patronage to the church, it was because the state wanted the influence of the church—wanted it as an instrument of government or an excuse for despotism. When the state seeks alliance with the church, it is because the state wants to use the church as a tool. It was so at first, when Constantine established the church and made it rich. It was so when the pope achieved that piece of political immorality with Pepin, and it was so in England. And the best of masters quarrel with their tools at times—the worst of masters are always doing so. Rome had some good masters, and she had some who were at the antipodes of goodness. Those who made some show of love for her used her—they got back again, with interest, all they gave; ecclesiastical dignitaries graced the palace or procession; were always at hand to baptise and bless iniquity,—while the priesthood, wringing every secret from every heart at the confessional, scattering abroad their theologic thunders, inventing miracles and such like things, was a vast and splendidly organized police. But when bad men ruled, they abused the church; made her an instrument of torture to the people; forced her to cover their foulness with her sacred garments; degraded the church with their own degradation; played the tyrant over her as she had played the tyrant over them when she had the power. Then came intrigue and counter-intrigue, plot and counter-plot, altar against throne; the church sold her garment and bought a sword, and fierce war went wasting whole continents. Wherever the Romish Church has been in alliance with the civil power, it has been most disastrous to both. It has given protection to the priesthood in its pursuit of lust and power; it has shielded it from honest and healthy criticism; it has legalized priestly tyranny; compelled the people to yield their conscience, their rea-

son, their goods, to the church,—and the church, in turn, has been a millstone about the neck of the state; hindered the development of the people by denying them education, by denying them the free and active use of their intellect—so enervating the people and making industrial activity, or commercial enterprise, on a large scale, well nigh impossible. Kings called the church and paid her to bless them, but she has cursed them altogether. Read the history of France since the days of Charlemagne—read the history of Spain, of Germany, and Portugal, and you will find more than ample confirmation of what I say.

But still more was the partial ruin of the church brought about by the flagrant, the utter immorality of the priesthood. A church to live must not only be sound in doctrine, taking all she can find of truth and love, and giving living principles to the people, but she must be sound in life. Dogmas may be questioned, but life must be beyond controversy. Men were told that the church was the great conservator of all that was true for mind and conduct. They read, or heard, texts from the Gospel of Christ enjoining on all His servants an upright walk, and they looked to the men who were not simply baptised into the church as themselves had been, but men who had voluntarily given their lives to the service of the church—men who ministered at her altars, preached the word of Jesus Christ, the word of God, the word of holiness, the word of duty, the word of immortal life; they looked to those men and saw—what? corruption, riot, debauchery. The church, which should have flamed as a great light cheering and guiding the people, was a huge pillar of blackness flinging dark shadows over all the lands. The church, which should have been the shrine of Justice, the place where Mercy and Truth meet together and Righteousness and Peace kiss each other, was a colossus of crime—the Flesh and the Devil seem to have "taken Holy Orders." For gain great sinners were absolved of their sins—past, present and future; ill-gotten gold was wrung out of tyrants on their death bed; the houses of the widows and the weak were devoured; the clergy were emancipated from the secular law, thus getting a license to sin, which they most freely and fully used. To be rich the church absolved men from oaths, broke marriages, told shameless lies, forged characters, canonised great workers of iniquity, and for the gratification of its bestial passions spared nothing and no one.

I am not going to make the assertion, which would be as foolish

as unjust, that all the Roman Catholic clergy at any time were living profligate lives. During the darkest ages, in many a village and town, great souls walked in the beauty of truthful lives, doing their manful duty. Now and again over the papal throne was seen the shining of a light, such as at the end of the 6th century, when Gregory the Great was pope. He roused the dying energies of the church, established schools of music, administered justice, set the example in alms giving, regulated the liturgy and the fashions of sacerdotal garments, and, what every man and woman with ear and soul for music will bless him for, gave the church that magnificent chant we call "the Gregorian," which is the foundation of all that is grand and elevating in our modern psalmody. True, there was much of evil mixed up with the good even in him, for he was the first to sanctify that mythologic christianity which worships Mary by images and pictures and builds churches to her glory, which declares the efficacy of the bones of martyrs and the relics of saints, which localizes heaven a few miles above the air and hell in the bowls of the earth; "ignorance is the mother of devotion," he said, and straightway abolished the studies of mathematics and classics, and to remove all temptation, burnt the Palatine library which Augustus Cæsar had founded. But still Gregory did much good, and helped to redeem the church from universal corruption. We should remember him too for this—that Gregory seeing our Anglo-Saxon children in the market, called them "angels," and sent his missionaries over to Britain to teach our fathers in the faith.

But the history of the Roman Church for whole centuries is but the record of political and social crimes. Let me give you a page of popish history, speaking of the men who ruled the church as God's vicegerents upon earth. It shall run from 757 to 1045. At the first date I have named, Pope Paul was elected to the pontifical chair. On the death of him, the Duke of Nepi forced some weak bishops to consecrate his brother Constantine as pope; other electors chose Stephen IV., and war commenced between the rival popes. Constantine was conquered and his eyes put out. In 795 the nephews of Pope Adrian seized Pope Leo, his successor, forced him into a church, and tried hard to put out his eyes and cut out his tongue. He only escaped that to fall soon after by a conspiracy to depose him. His successor, Stephen V., was driven from the city. *His* successor, Pascal I., was accused of first blinding and then murdering two ecclesiastics in the Lateran Palace. He swore

it was n't true, and died. John VIII., who paid tribute to the Mahomedans, excommunicated the Bishop of Naples, and then absolved him, receiving him back on the condition that he should betray some of the Mahomedans and assassinate others himself. There was a conspiracy to murder the pope, and it succeeded. Formosus was leader in that conspiracy; he was first excommunicated and then elected pope. Boniface VI. came next, who had been deposed at one time from the diaconate and at another from the priesthood, for his grossly immoral life. If it be that he repented and turned to better ways, history is silent about it. Stephen VII. followed, who dug up the body of the dead Formosus, clothed it in the papal robes, propped it in a chair, gave it a *post mortem* trial, and flung it into the Tiber. Not long after that Stephen himself was put into prison, and there strangled. In the next five years no less than five popes are consecrated. Then comes Leo X., who in two months was driven from the Vatican by one Christopher, his chaplain, who in turn is expelled by Sergius III., whom the soldiers brought in. This man lived in open profligacy. His paramour, Theodora, loved another after him, and made her lover pope. That was John X. He was a good soldier, and gave the Saracens a taste of his courage and skill. But the daughter of Theodora hated John, flung him into prison, and there they smothered him with a pillow. This woman, Marozia, made her own son pope, and called him John XI. But Alberic, another of her sons, mutinied, cast his brother, the pope, and his mother, the pope-maker, into prison, and raised his own son to the chair of Peter, who was just 19 years old when he was at the head of all Christendom, and God's vicar upon earth. His life was appalling, even in that time. His immoralities outraged a grossly immoral people. He consecrated a boy of ten years old as bishop, and performed the ceremony over another boy in a stable. He was deposed at last by a council, and finally murdered by a citizen in revenge for personal wrongs. I might speak also of John XIII., who was strangled in prison; of Boniface VII., who imprisoned Benedict VII. and killed him by starvation; of John XIV., who was put to death in the castle of St. Angelo;—but I will only give the blackest part in all the story. There had been two popes at once, and fierce wars between them, but other wars were yet to follow. Benedict IX., in 1033, a boy of less than twelve years, was made Pope of Rome. Of him one of his successors declared that his life was so foul, so execrable, that

he shuddered to describe it. The people at last rose up against him, and when he could resist the popular fury no longer, he put the papal chair up to auction. It was bought by a presbyter named John, who became Gregory VI., in the year of grace 1045. There, that is a chapter of popish history!

Let me give you another;—I will make it brief. Begin with Boniface VIII., if you will, who became pope in 1294. But when he ascended the papal throne another pope was living—one Peter Morrone, who had been a visionary hermit, seeing many angels in the air, and hearing sounds of phantom bells. A weak man was Peter, far fitter to dream his dreams and tell them to the credulous, than to govern Christendom; of which fact Peter became aware, and so abdicated. A strange thing, I may remark, in passing, that Christ's vicar upon earth, divinely chosen by men inspired, should afterward declare by his abdication that heaven and the cardinals had blundered. It is not easily explained; but then, there are many things about the papacy which "no fellow can understand." By his successor, Boniface, whom I have named, Peter was thrown into prison, and shortly afterwards seen by a monk ascending to heaven, which opened to receive him. This Boniface drained Europe of money. The wealth of England and France passed into the hands of the church, that is, into the hands of the pope. He devised the jubilee, which brought much money; he quarrelled with nearly every christian king then ruling; he issued the bull "*unam sanctam*," which declared it necessary to salvation to believe that every "human being is subject to the pontiff of Rome." Against him England and France rebelled at last, and here is the charge drawn up by them:—(1) That Boniface was not a true pope; (2) That he was a heretic; (3) That he was a Simoniac; (4) That he was a man weighed down with crimes. There are other charges brought against him, but they are of so foul a nature that I could not utter them before any audience. For nine years he lorded it over God's heritage, and then was seen this—a pope of Rome, the holy father of the church astride a lean and wretched horse, with his face to the tail, being that way conveyed to prison, where in a short time he died. His successor, Benedict, had but a short breath as pope, for they gave him a basket of figs, of which he ate, and died in a few days. Then the seat of ecclesiastical empire is changed, for the pope who followed Benedict took up his residence at Avignon, in France. For a whole seventy years the popes forsook the Eternal City. Of course

there was a rival pope at Rome, and the two were ever at open war. Each charged the other with most fearful crimes, and at last a solemn council declared that each was guilty of all the crimes imputed to him, and deposed them both, electing Alexander in their stead. Three popes at once, and all infallible! If you want to know as to the morality of the papacy at that time, history will tell you that the pope's court at Avignon in the time of Clement VI. was the most voluptuous in all Christendom. The pope's lady grew vastly rich by the sale of church promotion. Petrarch, who lived there at the time, declares it to have been a vast brothel, and he had personal reason to remember and hate the pope to the last day of his life. Then you can come down to the days of Alexander and his infamous son Cæsar Borgia, who made the streets of Rome run down with blood, and violated every law of honour and of virtue. For long ages the popes of Rome, with scarce an exception, were guilty of almost every crime that could be done under heaven. They gathered wealth by open tyranny or secret dishonesty; they lived in the most flagrant profligacy, and gave their benediction to any wrongs. A pope declared that fornication and adultery were not sins at all; another, that all the monks and bishops were hypocrites; another, that Mary was no more a virgin than his mother was, and Christ not half so great as he. They denied the real presence of Christ in the sacrament, and laughed to scorn the fundamentals of christian faith. Cardinal Bembo advised a friend not to read St. Paul; it would spoil his taste, he said. What can I more say? The time would fail me to tell half the story of their wickedness. The Apostles were ensamples of manly virtue. Their successors were steeped to the lips in crime. And can you wonder that this living, crowned lie grew to be hateful to men? You shudder to hear of it; you recoil with horror as you catch glimpses of those dark forms through the vistas of long ages. What must it have been to men and women to whom these things were not of the past, but of the present; who were face to face with them every day and all day long, year in and year out? The ages were dark—ignorance was profound; but the people had some love for moral goodness—the earth had not become quite devildom, and men had capacity, and knew it, to admire virtue. They heard virtue preached, and saw in papal palace, in monastery and convent, little else but blackest vice. They heard truth preached, and saw a lie acted out; they asked for bread and got a stone. And no wonder that they revolted; that they rose up

fiercely against this priestly greed, priestly tyranny, priestly profligacy. They were tired of the rule of his holiness—the devil. The church called itself christian, but was pagan as to doctrines, was pagan as to ceremonies, was pagan as to morality, and paganism is not to be made permanent on earth, so the Roman Church passed to decay.

There is one other cause of that decay of which I should like to remind you—the Church of Rome failed to recognise the fact that the world of mind is set to an ascending scale, and cannot be kept down to the same level always. At first catholicism was in perfect accord with the intellectual wants of Europe. It had no need to exercise a tyranny, for the latitude it permitted was all men cared to have. It was not simply a sect, or a dominant party, acting on the nations of Europe, forming a weight in the balance of power, but rather an all-pervasive energy animating and vivifying the whole social system. All the institutions of the people, social or political, grew out of ecclesiastical teachings—men remained in the church just as they preserved their family relations or their nationality. But that state of things could not be made permanent, for it could only exist by the suppression of all criticism and a complete paralysis of all speculative faculties. The great aim of the Roman Church was immobility, and the actual practice of the church was retrogression. She went back to paganism, and tried hard to drag the people with her. Her ceremonies, with such elaborate efforts after scenic display, are pagan ; her doctrines of transubstantiation and of eternal hell are pagan. But the world never sleeps long together. It moves slowly, but it moves. The revival of learning commenced. The first pulses of returning intellectual life began to throb, and men questioned what before they had received without a doubt. Printing was invented, and letters were ever a foe to Rome. Men began to breathe more freely. The word of freedom was whispered here and there, and passed along from lip to lip. In the south of France it took shape—the gay and gallant troubadours, in the beautiful langue doc, the very tongue for minstrelsy, improvised their songs and flung sly scorn at pope and priest. It was a merry epidemic, and spread as joy spreads on a May-day when villagers dance on the green. And while the young were singing the old were *thinking*, soberly and sadly, but greatly. The church had said, with authority, the earth is a flat surface ; heaven is a few miles up in the air—hell is in the bowels of the earth. Science said, one

day, "Not so. The earth is a globe—see here, by the measurement of a degree and by the pendulum we have demonstrated it." "It is a damnable heresy," said the church. "It is a fact, none the less," was the answer. The church quoted the Psalms, the Pentateuch, and the Prophecies; her opponents quoted their figures and the voyages of Columbus, De Gama, and Magellan. Copernicus broached some new theories about the heavens. One Lippershey, a Hollander, discovered the telescope; Galileo looked through it, and put more Roman dogmas in great peril. Rome made mighty efforts to turn back the advancing tide, but all in vain. The gigantic intellect of Europe had been asleep, drugged by an opiate administered by the church; but it was awake now, and full of a new life. Soon the beautiful valleys of Piedmont were filled with Waldenses; the poor men of Lyons dared to preach this dangerous dogma: that the sanctity of a priest lay not in his doctrine, but in his manner of life. They denounced the doctrine of transubstantiation, the invocation of saints, purgatory, and proclaimed open war with the sale of indulgences. Tetzel went vending indulgences through Germany, to get money for the pope. "Ah!" said Luther, "I shall make a hole in your drum and stop that music;" and straightway did it, after a fashion of his own. The pope got angry; Luther lived on. The pope excommunicated him; Luther burnt the bull in the market-place. The church summoned Luther to the Bar of Creeds; Luther summoned the church to the Bar of Divine Truth as revealed in the Word of God, compelled her to stand forth in the light of religion that she might be judged, stripped off her fine cloak, and bade the world see how false the thing was. Whole nations broke from the ancient thraldom, flung down the shackles of a tyrant priesthood, and rose up strong, glad, grand in the consciousness of recovered manhood. God be praised for the brave German monk who fought so well and gave us our protestant faith—the faith of free men.

Over in England a star had long been shining, for Wickliffe had given the people the Bible in such form as they could read it,—and the Bible correctly translated into the vulgar tongue was ever as a sword in the bones of Rome. The revolution came, and papal power was for ever broken in England. Rome strove hard against it. When she knew the war was come, she marshalled all her forces. The crusades were invented at one time to distract the attention of Europe from her iniquities. The toy served well for a while. The

Order of Bare-footed Carmelites was instituted. Ignatius Loyola founded the Society of Jesus, which ever since has been Rome's most useful tool. She resorted to rough measures when they became necessary. Copernicus was denounced, and his book interdicted; Galileo was dragged before his masters and punished fiercely. She employed all the vast resources at her command to arrest the expansion of the human mind, to impede the circulation of knowledge, and to quench the lamp of liberty in blood. In 1208 Innocent III. established the Inquisition. In 1209 began the massacre of the Albigenses. In 1215 the Fourth Council of the Lateran enjoined all rulers, "as they desired to be esteemed faithful, to "swear a public oath that they would labour earnestly, and to the "full extent of their power, to exterminate from their dominions all "those who were branded as heretics by the church." By the Inquisition alone more than 31,000 persons were burnt, and more than 290,000 condemned to punishments less severe than death. In the Netherlands, during the reign of Charles V., at least 50,000 were slaughtered by mother church. The work of death was done in most terrible and revolting form. All that ingenuity could invent in form of torture was practised. The victims were usually burnt alive—often at a slow fire. A single member of a family, a son, perhaps, in the flush of his early youth, would be accused. With ruthless hands they drag him forth, and the "mother saw the body of him, who was dearer to her than life itself, dislocated and writhing and quivering with pain. She watched the slow fire creep from limb to limb till it had swathed him in a sheet of agony,—and when, at last, the scream of anguish had died away and the tortured body was at rest, she was told that all this was acceptable to the God she served, and was but a faint image of the sufferings he would inflict through eternity upon the dead." France had its black Bartholomew's Day, and England saw the fires of Smithfield burn to ashes the bodies of its noblest sons and daughters. Rome fought like a fiery dragon; Rome fought like a devil; Rome fought with the fury of a thousand devils—but in vain. Rome's ancient power was broken; Rome was thrust down. And there she lies—not dead, but dying; magnificent in ruin—but in ruin.

Is she dying? Is she in ruin? Let us see how her present condition looks to-day. Italy is free. That ancient stronghold of the Roman Church—the land over which she exercised temporal as well as spiritual power—is for her a stronghold no longer. The pope

holds the vatican, but Victor Emanuel holds the palace. He is King of Italy, the free king of a free people, and the tiara of Pio Nono must stoop to the crown of Victor Emanuel. It was a great problem, how to bring about this freedom, for the Italians groaned under this twofold form of tyranny. Brave Garibaldi drew his sword and cut the Gordian knot. Will Italy go back to its old allegiance again? I think not. The king is under the ban of excommunication, and yet he lives and seems content. The pope screams, fulminates anathemas, is infallible, and yet he is not happy! Yes, in reckoning up the friends of the Roman Church, you may mark off Italy.

Then there is France. France has done great things for the papacy; poured wealth into its coffers; given it vast dominions; given it protection from its foes; given it the education of its young, the conscience and reason of the people. And the church has given France—what? Short-lived martial glory, the fetters of ignorance, the sanctification of crime, and most bloody revolutions. The French people have never been sober—never been able to hold themselves in calm possession by reason of the priests. They have been forced into one of two extremes: that of superstition, in which they gave up their right of conscience and of reason to the church,—or to Atheism, when they denied God and truth and justice. There have been oscillations—the whole people one day bowing at the shrine of some new saint, or greedily drinking in the tale of some new miracle, and the next pulling down churches and breaking altars and images, enthroning Reason as the only God. But France has broken with the papacy—not with religion, but with the papacy, with the religion of popery, religion as taught and lived by priests and bishops—the religion which has given her an ignorant and superstitious people. France is taking education out of the hands of the priests, establishing schools in spite of the church, and refuses more to aid the papal power with her arms. The work of regeneration will be done slowly, but it will be done, and glorious France will work out its national salvation.

Austria is in just such a state as France—for Austria, so long ground down by the iron heel of Rome, impoverished by her rapacity, and befooled by her superstition, has taken the franchise and is using it in vigorous form.

Germany—ah! the sturdy German has conquered popery once more; revenged again the ancient wrongs, and this time the work

seems fully done. The Jesuits have been driven out of Germany, and will scarcely be allowed to return, I think. I have heard those Falck laws by which it was done condemned, and Bismarck denounced for carrying them through, by even zealous Protestants. They say it was persecution; I say "No, it was needful protection." They say it was against the papacy; I say "No, it was on behalf of the German nation." Let me prove that to you—it is very simple. At the time, the papacy was being reduced to great straits. Italy had declared for a free church in a free state, the great civil dogma, which, carried out, is a blessing which acts on church and state with good to both. But it was a blow to the temporal power of the papacy. In the Prusso-Austrian war, it was the hope of the papacy to restore the German empire under Austria, and so make Germany a catholic nation. That hope went out in disappointment. Then, again, in the Franco-German war, the French expected ultramontane sympathies in Germany. Every effort was put forth to excite catholic sentiment against the protestants. They were spoken of as atheists; it was persistently stated that they were incapable of being honest men. "The followers of Luther are the most abandoned men in all Europe," they said. The pope, thinking all living men had forgotten history, said, "Let the German people understand that no other church but that of Rome is the church of freedom and progress." A part of the German clergy remonstrated, and determined to resist the papal usurpation. They protested against a man being placed on the throne of God—against a vice-God of any kind. They even declared the pope a heretic. Against these insubordinates excommunications were fulminated, and at last the demand was made that some professors and teachers be removed from office, and those who held the pope's infallibility be substituted. But the Prussian government said No. Bismarck and his government wanted to maintain peaceful relations with the papacy. It did n't want, still less did it seek, a theological quarrel; but it soon found that the question was not one of theology, but one of politics. A teacher in a gymnasium was excommunicated, and the church demanded of the government his dismissal from office. The government refused, and the church authorities declared that refusal an attack upon their faith. The king sided with his minister, and was at once threatened with the revolt of all the good catholics in the country. They told him that in a contention with the pope, governments must yield and change. So that the plain issue was

this—"Who is to be master in the state, the government of the country, or the Roman Church?" Here were two authorities, the one declaring that what the other did was wrong, and men could not live in obedience to both. The government resolved to assert its own supremacy, and first of all abolished the Roman catholic department in the ministry of Public Worship; then passed a law that clerics abusing their office to the disturbance of the public peace be criminally punished, and separated the schools from the church. The Jesuit party was establishing an organization all over Germany, based on the principle that state legislation is not binding in ecclesiastical matters. The Bishop of Ermeland declared that he would not obey the laws if they touched the church. He was the servant of the state; he was being paid by the state; so were all the Jesuits;—and this was open rebellion. The state stopped that bishop's pay, and then, finding that there was no hope of peace while the Jesuits were there, sent them all away. Then the laws were passed, the *first* of which was to regulate the means by which a person might sever his connection with the church; the second, to restrict the church in the exercise of ecclesiastical punishments; the third, to regulate the power of ecclesiastical discipline, forbidding bodily chastisement, regulating fines and banishments, and granting the privilege of appeal from the priests to a royal court of justice; and last of all, ordaining the preliminary education and appointments of priests, and closing all institutions which should refuse to be superintended by the state. And the government was in the right. It only did its duty to the state. The civil power must be supreme; the civil law must be respected, or there is no peace and no prosperity for a nation. A bishop, who is in receipt of state pay, who is duly recognized as a public teacher, if he declare that the government is not to be obeyed, is guilty of treason, and should be dealt with as Germany dealt with the Bishop of Ermeland. If a body of men, be they who they may, shall organize discontent into revolt; shall use their position and their church authority as an instrument of sedition,—then, the government have a right, nay, it is laid upon them as a duty, to treat that body of men as Germany treated the Jesuits, turn them out. It was not at all persecution, but the firm and legitimate action of a civil government, determined to protect the people and guard the national interests. The papacy has nothing more to hope from Germany.

Of the papacy in England, I will not stay to speak now. I shall

have an opportunity when I come to speak of the English Church. Suffice it to say that England has taken her freedom of conscience, and means to keep it.

So only Spain is left, poor Spain, the ancient home of chivalry, the great, the beautiful Spain, now bankrupt in politics, bankrupt in morals, bankrupt in money and being wound up. There is not much in Spain for the priests to feed upon.

Only bankrupt Spain left; pardon me, I am wrong. There is another land, a new one as to its people, who are small as yet in number, but they are brave, hardy, and thrifty withal. They are just learning the magnificent resources of their country, how to turn to good account their forests, lakes, and rivers—I mean this Canada of ours. I hear it said that Rome is looking this way with great interest and hope. She dares to think she may have a great nation loyal to her here in the far west. But others, who are not slaves of the priests have an interest in Canada as to its present and its future. Now let it be remembered that our quarrel with the Roman Church here, is not a theological one, but altogether political. As to religious dogmas and forms of worship, the churches must fight those things out. And every church must have equal freedom to preach its own dogmas, and to exercise its right of worship. But here is the difficulty,—the old difficulty of Italy, of Germany, France, and of England. The Church of Rome is a political institution. She demands the government of the people in things temporal as in things spiritual; she will not accept the condition of a free church in a free state, but will have it that she shall be a free church in a fettered state. The legislature must be made to work for her or she will not submit to it. She claims to be the supreme authority, and will let none work apart from her. If catholic judges, doing their duty, having regard to their high judicial office and their solemn oath, shall justly administer the law, they are at once excommunicated, put under the curse of the church for this world, and for that which is to come. And what does that mean? I am happy to believe that in the case of the judges who lately did their duty in this matter, not fearing the anathemas of the bishops, it does not mean much. They are enlightened men, and not much afraid of the power mother church may exercise in eternity, I suspect. But what must it mean to those who are not as they, to those who are blind followers of the priests, to those who believe—as many of them do—that the church can bar the soul from communion with God, can deny it all the

blessings of redemption, and torture them in everlasting fire; what must it mean to them? Why, an authority not to be resisted. When I speak to men on politics, be it from pulpit or platform, I speak as man to men, not as master to slaves. I speak to a people who have been trained from their youth up to have and to exercise the right of private judgment. The priest speaks to a people who have been trained to believe that they have no such right, and will use it at the peril of their soul. I do not use the authority of a church claiming to be infallible in its judgment; the priest does. I do not threaten the disobedient with eternal torment; the priest does. I say if the government is bad, turn it out—if the laws are bad, change them; but the priest says: "disobey government or laws." I speak, as I believe, not for my church or any church, but for the national welfare; my motive, at least, is drawn from sentiments of patriotism. The Church of Rome cares nothing for the nation, but all for the Church of Rome.

Look at the condition of the Roman catholic population in the city of Montreal, and you have proof of it. There is a most expensive system of education doing almost nothing. The priests have claimed the right to educate the children of Roman catholic parents. It was granted. They dealt with it in secret conclave. Three or four months ago there was a Council of Education composed of bishops, priests, and the Superintendent of Education, as tractable and dumb a slave as ever was Nubian to his Roman lord. And what did they? Nobody knows. It was too much or too little to tell. One hundred and fifty five thousand dollars a year the government of Quebec pays for education, and yet the Roman catholics of Montreal have to pay over $100,000 more. And for that what do they get? Almost nothing. Elementary education is entrusted to young girls; and to show how well they are qualified for the work, let me tell you that awhile ago they wanted an increase of salary, and couldn't write a letter to the Board to ask for it! There is a Roman catholic normal school which has no functions, for not a teacher is required to get a diploma from it, yet we spend much money to keep up the staff of priests there. General education among the Roman catholics is a myth. If they would learn to read and write they must go to college, and there they learn so much that they are unfitted for the trade or manual labors of the country, and are fitted only for some of the learned professions—most of all for the clerical. Such a course must tell disastrously upon the industrial

development of a people. A while ago there was a large number of mechanics' institutes, and literary institutes, and debating clubs, but with the exception of one, they are all gone. The priests don't want the people to have mechanics' institutes, and literary societies, and debates ; they won't have them, and so they killed them all, and put in their places card, and billiard, and drinking clubs. The priests don't want to see the people enlightened. They only want blind, abject obedience. And this ignorance tends to poverty, as always. All the industries here are started by other than Roman catholics. A Scotchman will get rich while Roman catholics remain poor. What progress have you in this city among the Roman catholic population? Not much, if any. How is that? Is it because they have not capacity? Oh no, my Roman catholic friends, your priests have done it. The same thing is going on out in the country. The agricultural development is hindered, for the priests exact a tithe on all grains grown, and have the first lien on all lands for the building of churches.

Now, what are we to do? Well, first of all, learning from the past, we must demand that the education of all children be put in the hands of competent persons. Then, that all the churches be free, having equal rights, but be allowed to exact no privileges. There must be no immunity from taxation for ecclesiastical institutions or for the clergy. Let the actual house of worship be free, but all the rest be taxed—be it convent, nunnery, or parson's or sexton's house. I am a clergyman, but I am also a citizen of Montreal, and I demand all the privileges of citizenship : protection for my person and my property by day and by night—the right to give my vote—the right of free speech and free action ; and I also demand my right to bear the full burden of citizenship. I don't want to be coddled and dry-nursed by the corporation. I protest against exemption from taxation, and declare that for myself and all the clergy of the Dominion, for parsons' houses or sextons' houses, or monkeries or nunneries to be exempt, is an injustice—a shame—an iniquity. Those nunneries, being supported by charity and exempt from taxation, are inflicting a serious injury upon the poor sewing women, who are not exempt from taxation and have their rents to pay. They are inflicting an injury upon trade by being allowed to carry on the manufacture of red spruce gum without the usual trade tax. Because of the politics of the Roman Church we are compelled to have three governments, when one would do the work much better

and save us much money, as well as the shame of much political intrigue and immorality. We will give to our Roman catholic fellow-subjects all the rights we demand for ourselves, all the rights of British subjects, but no more. The Roman Church shall be as free as any protestant church; but when she turns to political action, defies the civil power, or plays the tyrant, then we shall say to her:—"No; we own to Queen Victoria, but not to the Pope of "Rome. Canada for the Canadians, and not for the priests." We are protestants—that is, we are free; our shoulders have not been trained to any yoke. We have not forgotten our fathers' manful struggle for freedom and a pure faith; we remember yet how they suffered and died in the sacred cause of enlightenment and conscience. We know that Rome is the enemy of a nation's material prosperity. It is the enemy of civilization; of popular intelligence; of domestic peace; of general freedom; of social morality; of christian faith; of pure religion. It is the friend of popular ignorance; of superstition; of pagan barbarism; of social immorality; of political corruption; of anarchy and sedition, and bloody revolution. And therefore, while saying to our catholic fellow countrymen: "Friends, "we would have you free; free from priestcraft; free from the tyranny "of Rome; free to be educated; free to develop all your natural gifts "and resources; free to exercise your franchise without fear of priestly "anathema—we say, and mean it too, no church must meddle with "our civil rights; no church must hinder our national development "in education, in industrial and commercial enterprise. You have "exercised your tyranny elsewhere, but here we meet it with our "sturdy, manful 'No!' In the name of English liberty and the "protestant faith, it shall not be."

THE WALDENSIAN CHURCH.

THE WALDENSIAN CHURCH.

On every page of world history we meet evidences of the Divine interference in the affairs of men. The kings of earth may set themselves, and the rulers thereof take counsel together against the Lord and against his anointed, saying—"Let us break their bands asunder and cast away these cords from us." But in vain the league and covenant; in vain the fierce uprising. The Lord has ordained the world to life, and will not yield it to the ravages of human pride and lust. Man, as barbarian, half-civilized, or wholly civilized, has always had his affairs guided by a benificent power he could not resist. And at no time in all the long march of the ages has the truth of man and God been left without direct and brave witnesses. When all the world seemed sinking into the void and darkness of paganism, Abraham came forth from Ur of the Chaldees, and, by his inward faith and outward justness, lit a torch in the wilderness of Canaan which ever since has been as the world's pillar of fire to guide it through the night. When, in the after ages, Israel had turned to idols, led by disloyal kings and lying prophets to bow down at the altars of false gods, Elijah in the desert wailing out his passionate, bitter, "I only am left," is startled by the revelation that seven thousand men, each as true, if not so great as he, are there in the caves of Israel, loyal to the ancient faith and covenant, and brave to uphold the truth,—a noble army of seven thousand, who have not, and will, not bow the knee to Baal. In the church of the Waldenses, of which I am to speak to-night, you have an illustration of that, as striking and as startling as you will find on any page of universal history.

In my last lecture I gave the history of the Church of Rome, a history of the furious working of ambition and spiritual despotism, a history of faith's gradual decay, the thrusting out of religion, the enthronement of unbelief and unreason, a history of immorality in speech and in deed; when the Ahabs of Israel, calling themselves popes and God's vicars upon earth, led the Lord's heritage to sacrifice at Baal's altars. I can imagine that in those darkest days, when

in the Vatican, and in the Holy City, sin held high carnival under ecclesiastical patronage, some visitor to Rome, into whose mind has been shot a ray of pure light, creating there a brave and holy thought of reformation for the people, looking round upon all the mad debauchery of church and state, and asking passionately, "Must truth and christian love perish at the hands of christians? Is there no baptism but for the flesh and the devil? no honor but for wrong and injustice? Is there no power to cleanse the church and lead it to its ancient faith and truth?" And I can imagine the mocking answer that would come: "Look round and see; where is the church? Here are hosts of priests, magnificent temples of worship, richly decked altars, the oft-repeated form of service and use of the sacraments; but the church, where is that? Those priests are the ministers of irreligion; those temples are vast show houses, to which the people go for bread and get a stone, a stone to kneel upon, and a stone as object of worship,—and their own hearts get petrified, also turning to stone. Morality is gone; truth is gone; faith fell dead in the streets of Rome long ago. The church is a cruel mother, who has devoured her own children. Reform this! Sweeten the bitter waters of the Dead Sea first, and then try to do it. Quench this ambition! Put out the fires of Ætna and Vesuvius, and then try." And I can imagine the would-be iconoclast and reformer going back to his sad musings again, with the Elijah cry upon his lips, "I only am left." And yet, if that man with the thought of reformation in his mind, instead of going back to his solitude in despair, will only cross that mountain range they call the Alps, he will find that he is not alone, for multitudes in the valleys there hold a pure faith, and are moved by the great sentiment of christian love. Humble men and women serve Christ all day long, living in simple fashion, and loving each other bravely. No image worship there in church or in house; no prayers offered to Mary or to Peter; no dominant presthood, to live in pride and sensuality; no spiritual despotism, and no unblushing immorality. The Pope of Rome has no jurisdiction there. His blessing, they think, will not be worth the having, and so they wisely never ask it; his word, they think, is not infallible, not often wise, and so they never follow it. The men of the Vaudois valleys are men of the Church of Christ, humble and good and true, and, as we shall see, brave as lions in the day of peril.

A fitting place those valleys in which to shelter the truth of God

and the earth. The church here is like a pure spring of water embosomed among the mountains. Take the geography of it. It is called the valley of Piedmont, a simple accommodation of the two Latin words pede and montium: the foot of the mountains. They lie at the base of the Alps, the highest mountain range in Europe, dividing Italy from France, Switzerland and Germany. It has the duchy of Milan on the east, on the south Nice and Genoa, on the west France, and on the north Savoy. At one time it was a part of Lombardy, but later on it passed into the hands of the King of Sardinia, who made the splendid city of Turin its capital. It is a magnificent tract of rich and fruitful valleys embosomed in lofty mountains, which are encircled by mountains yet higher than they. Deep and rapid rivers intersect it here and there, the principal of which are the Po, the Tauaro, the Stura, and the Dora. The scenery is of strangely varied kind, forming most wonderful contrasts. The beauty, the plenty, the calm of paradise are there; and there, too, the grimmest and darkest of precipices, wide lakes and sheets of ice, and stupendous mountains, the head of them ever white with snow. The entrance to most of the valleys is by a deep and narrow defile, often by winding ways known only to the experienced. Nature had fortified the place with difficult passes, and bulwarks of mountain and rock; and God put there a true church. It was a cabinet in which the Lord placed his jewel of truth in time of danger; it was Israel's sacred cave where the thousands of the faithful lived when the ecclesiastical Ahabs and Jezabels had set up Baal's altar worship.

Another branch of this same faithful family dwelt close by in the valleys which lie at the foot of the mountain range stretching from the Mediterranean Sea to the Atlantic Ocean, and called the Pyrennes. There, too, you have the same contrasts of verdant fields and frightful precipice, of fruitful gardens and bare, black rock. There, too, Nature has built a wonderful citadel. It is a natural garrison where a few can hold a host in check. This strong geographical position is an important factor in the fortunes of those people, as we shall see.

When Rome was fast rising to temporal power, throwing out her net to north and south and east and west, causing kings to bow the neck and whole nations to swear allegiance, the men of the valleys were overlooked, or, perhaps, were too poor and too obscure for her queenly notice; however, it was those christians at the foot of the

Alps, for ages, by the beneficent providence of God, dwelt together in peace, scarce hearing, and but little heeding, the great stir and throb of European life. They lived the lives of humble, God-fearing, and justice-loving men and women. They were content with the simple eloquence of their preachers, and the simplest form of service. As best they could they carried out the doctrines they were taught. By the power of a strong faith, they lived most beautiful lives. For ages it went on, and when Rome did at last look that way and discovered heresy lurking there, and demanded its destruction, the knowledge and the command were too late. While the Vatican busied itself with the subjugation of nations and the gathering of wealth, the truth cast into the soil of the Vaudois valleys took root and sprang up, and soon became a tree, and the tree became a forest, stretching along the valleys and up the mountain side, and into other lands, and the forest was so mighty that no papal storm could level it, and no papal fire could burn it.

Let us not forget that geographical position has always had much to do with the mould and make of a people. Palestine was chosen from old for Israel. There, in the great highway of the nations, she stood up a very light in the pagan world, and sending her truths of God and of life to the ends of civilization. Israel in Egypt holding the fat land of Goshen, could never have been what Israel was on the bare, bleak hills of Canaan, and so the Lord led them out and brought them to the land of promise. As firmly do I believe that there was a direct interposition of divine providence in the establishment of the Vaudois in their valleys. For truth seemed in danger of being lost to the earth. In the East was apathy; a stir now and then on account of some ventor of heresy; war now and then between philosophic theologians, but never the stir and throb of true life, and never a bugle call to war against sin. In the West, as we have seen, all of the practical christianity it had, as to rules, and systems, and creeds, all of energy and skill, were used for the purposes of the proud and the lustful. A people were needed to preserve for men the faith and truth of God, and they were found in the Vaudois valleys, a people true and brave and strong.

The antiquity of the Waldenses is beyond dispute, but the precise period of its rise is not easily settled. Enough, that they were the first protestants, and bore the name we know so well of puritans and dissenters. And no wonder, for grand was the protest they made—magnificent the form of dissent. They protested in language

eloquent by reason of its simplicity and earnestness against image worship, against the invocation of saints, the pagan doctrine of transubstantiation, and the aggressive policy of bishops and popes. They refused to give honour except to the honourable, demanding life as well as a creed ; they refused to pay reverence to high office or great title or temporal power, and would yield it only where it was due—then most gladly, with praises to God, the giver of every human grace. The life they lived was one of rare beauty and simplicity, contentedly tilling the soil and gathering in the fruit. They lived in peace together ; no wail of the dying or shout of the men of blood there ; no plunder and pillage when the night has come ; no instrument forged by priestly hands with which to scourge the people ; no fierce controversy rending and tearing the church, but industry and brotherhood joined in holy wedlock. Each wrought humbly and prayed mightily, serving God as his conscience told him how. They shunned wealth, afraid of the snare that ever lies hid in the heart of it,—and yet none were poor and in want, for all loved each and each loved all. They sought no titles of the earth, for each had that highest title, "a son of God." They craved no lordly mansions, for each owned a palace above built by the builder of worlds. With their own hands they built their own churches, asking no help from the state or the owners of land. Each was a teacher of truth. When they were doing honest trade, they were also doing great spiritual work. After they had sold their jewels and trinkets, and were asked if they had nothing more, "Oh, yes," the answer would be, "we have jewels still more precious than any "you have seen—we have a precious stone so brilliant that by its "light a man may see God ; another, which radiates such a fire as "to enkindle the love of God in the heart of its possessor." And so they would go on bringing forth many jewels from God's most blessed Word, until the hearer often found "the pearl of great price," and sold all he had for it. Oh, rare simplicity! What joy to turn from Rome ; its insatiable ambition ; its howling and grasping priesthood ; its shameless immorality ; its crushing despotism, to the peaceful Vaudois valleys, where christian faith and love are bringing forth the rich fruit of peace and holy works. Sad that it should be broken in upon by the tiger of the seven-hilled city. A *curse* upon the bigotry which, for the sake of an empty creed, could destroy so much of life and beauty.

I said just now it would be difficult to fix upon the precise period

of the rise of the Waldensian Church. Some historians, with considerable ingenuity, have traced it back to the great Irenæus, the famed disciple of Polycarp, who had sat at the feet of John the divine. And it may be that Irenæus, in his journeys to the great metropolis, had passed through those valleys and preached his glorious gospel there, finding a people ready to hear and believe. The Waldensians themselves claimed to date back to the time when the church became secularized under the great Emperor Constantine, declaring that they saw in the church only a spiritual power separated from civil action or patronage. However it was, its singularity attracted little or no attention up to the beginning of the 9th century. Then a man came forth and laid the first stone in the great temple which should rise slowly but surely, its stones cemented together by the blood of many saints. The man was Claude, Bishop of Turin. Born in Spain, that sunny land and ancient home of chivalry, Claude, early in life, turned with love and longing to the church. With a bold and fearless mind he explored the broad fields of theology; he searched the Scriptures mightily, for the evil day had not yet come when the Bible should be a forbidden book,—so that even Luther, monk and doctor as he was, had to search long among the musty tomes of a library before he could find the Word as Christ and Paul had spoken it. It was not long before the industry and talents and earnest piety of Claude drew attention to himself, and he became chaplain in the court of Louis the Meek, King of France and Emperor of the West. His powerful oratory drew multitudes to hear him, and his power lay in a rare simplicity and earnestness. The people, then as now, recognized an earnest man, and waited for his word.

At length Louis the Meek, deploring the ignorance of a great part of Italy concerning the doctrines of the Gospel, and having no love for image-worship, which was spreading rapidly and disastrously, sent his faithful Claude to Piedmont as bishop of the Turin see. At once the work of reform began. No dreamer this Claude, the Bishop, waiting for changes to come, and hoping they might be for the better; no sluggard nursing his two white hands; no time-server caring only for peace, and putting place as the lord of his conscienc, but a brave and faithful man who found in the world great work to do, and in his heart a will to do it. It is like a chapter from a Hebrew prophet's life, so bold he was to exhort and reprove, to warn and denounce. He dragged forth sins from their lurking

places, and shamed men of them, as they showed in the light of truth; he lashed the lazy priests into action, and brought down the fat of many; he declared as his cardinal points of doctrine a pure gospel and a pure life. The images and the relics, and the pilgrimages he hated as much as ever Elijah hated the Baal altars of his land, and like Elijah bent all the force of his great soul to the putting away of the sin. Of course a storm gathered and broke about his ears, for his deeds and words raised the anger of priests and monks. They called him a blasphemer and a heretic; shot their barbed arows straight for his heart. Even his own people rose against him, and he went about in danger of his life. No marvel. The world has ever been slow to recognize its true benefactors, and the man who comes with his burden of truth-telling, must look for pain and hunger and death. Bigotry spurned Christ and his word, crucifying him between two thieves; and if they hated him they will hate his true disciples also; and the truer they are in discipleship the more will they get of the world's scorn. If the preacher will dance to the piping of his age, proclaim in an orthodox way the orthodox creed, fall in with the popular mood, and follow the tyrant majority, then he will walk safely by day and by night; make a reputation for ability and prudence; keep a well-stocked larder, and a good digestion. But let him dare to be singular for the truth's sake; heterodox as concerning the letter perhaps, but true as concerning the spirit; earnest in his crying against the popular sins of his day, and he will get only revilings and hate; and just as the age may be polite or vulgar in its vengeance, it will exact from him the full penalty of his courage—perhaps pain, perhaps hunger, perhaps a prison, perhaps a martyr's fiery end.

In doctrine Claude was singularly pure, and grandly hostile to the pretensions of the Church of Rome. From the first by writings, and by speech, he maintained that Christ is the alone head of the church, thus laying an axe at the very root of the papal tree; for strike at its infallibility and you bring down its strength. Seven hundred years before Luther did thunder it out upon the ears of startled Christendom, Claude preached justification by faith alone, without the deeds of the law. He declared that the church, meaning thereby the popes and cardinals and bishops, was not infallible at all, but fallible and greatly given to error; and therefore the Bible, and that alone, was the ground of a christian's confidence. "God commands us," said he, "to *bear* our cross, and not to worship it, but

these are all for worshipping it and do not bear it at all." It is strengthening to read his strong words—the floods of satire he poured out upon the church, the scathing sarcasms, the earnest, tearful appeal following each other in rapid succession. How he ended his splendid life I know not, but his great work still lives, an imperishable heritage. He taught men to find personal freedom, and the power of a living faith—to live justly in love and good works. And the man who teaches that writes his name on marble, and engraves his memory on enduring brass; a blessing on the memory of Claude, Bishop of Turin, and the first great protestant. Rome has not wnt his name in her calendar of saints, but God has put it on the bead-roll of earth's good and mighty men.

The teachings of Claude spread rapidly through the valleys of the Piedmont, making multitudes of converts. The stone once cut out of the mountain went rolling on and growing. The true light which enlighteneth went shining in upon Lombardy and in upon Alby, from whence came the Albigences, into Savoy and Spain—everywhere changing the mind of the people.

Pass, *per saltum*, over a space of more than 300 years. Rome is in the zenith of her power and her glory; she makes kings and uumakes them; she blesses or curses, enriches or impoverishes at her will. About the year 1160 she had promulgated the doctrine of transubstantiation, and at the same time required all men on penalty of excommunication from the church, and everlasting burning, to hold the dogma from henceforth as an article of faith necessary to salvation. That is the way Rome has always made her doctrines and forced them on the people. She was ever above argument, for she holds the keys of heaven and hell. At once the dogma was accepted, and a new form of idolatry was thus introduced into the church. But a man in the city of Lyons dared to set himself against the pope, and well nigh all the church, for to hold that the wafer was the real body of Christ, and to worship it as such, was, he felt, an outrage on his common-sense, a faculty he had ventured to hold in his own keeping, not giving it over to priests. The name of this bold man was Peter Waldo, a rich merchant of that city. The merchant was also a scholar, and what is more, a MAN. Lyons, situated on the confluence of the Rhine and the Soane, had long before been blessed with the light of the Gospel. Faithful preachers declared the word of truth, and holy men and women walked its streets in the fear of the Lord and in christian love.

Persecution had flamed in upon them early, and a few ages more found the light gone out. Again it is revived and Peter Waldo is the master spirit in the work. It is the story of Luther centuries before Luther came. Waldo had only revolted against the dogma of transubstantiation at first, and never dreamt of breaking with the Church of Rome, or stirring war against the pope, just as Luther only quarrelled with the traffic in indulgences, and meant to serve the church. Waldo was content to buy and sell and make his profits, getting rich in an ordinary way; but a great awakening came, and came suddenly. Sitting at supper one night with his friends, and spending the time in frivolous talk, one of them fell down dead, with scarce a word or a cry. The thing thrilled to the heart of Peter Waldo, and from that time forth he set himself to the lofty work of personal salvation, and teaching the way of life. He searched the scriptures and found what every earnest seeker finds there: "the pearl of great price." He found a way to escape from the wrath to come; he found peace and exceeding joy; he found new views and conceptions of truth and life and duty; that there was a way of rising above "the smoke and din of this dear spot which we call earth," and a glory and heaven to be achieved greater than material wealth can give, and lasting as the soul. He abandoned his commercial pursuits, gave his wealth away in alms, and taught the recipients of his bounty words of truth and life.

This living exemplar of the gospel he spoke could not but succeed. What the lips said, that the deed confirmed; the teacher lived his teachings, and that way made them powerful. Soon, his knowledge became broader and deeper, and his courage grew. He was not afraid to test the church; he brought it to the word of God, weighed it in the balance, and found it wanting. Her doctrines, many of them, her rites, her services, her sacraments, her pretensions, had no foundation there he discovered; and then he lifted up his voice against the apostate church and the impious pope. It was a great scandal, of course, and a thing not to be borne, that a layman should dare to teach, still more to be, a heretic. The Archbishop of Lyons was indignant; the church was insulted and outraged; and Waldo was forbidden to teach or preach again, on pain of excommunication. But when a man has once dared to break from the Church of Rome, and defied her thunder and lightning, it is marvellous how little he cares for all her swearing and cursing. He is not afraid of her for this world, or for the world to

come. Peter Waldo was not, and would not be, silenced so. The constraining love is there, burning at his heart, and speak and teach he *must*, though all the bishops in all christendom forbid it. He has received his ordination and commission from on high, and wants no more authority. So he went about preaching; got scholars, who translated the bible that people might read it for themselves. He gathered a church together in the city of Lyons, a church of dissenters, a church of brave, bold nonconformists; and, in defiance of the pope, but in the great name of God, ministered to them in holy things.

At last the Pope Alexander hears of those strange things done in Lyons, and gives orders for a persecution, for the Church of Rome could brook no freedom of thought or judgment or speech, still less that any man or people should oppose her imperious will. And persecution began. Peter Waldo and his companions were forbidden to expound the scriptures and to teach; but like another Peter, who was greater than he, he answered back that they were yielding obedience to a higher power than that of magistrate or bishop, and would not cease from working until they had ceased to live. They appealed to the pope, Alexander the Third; sent delegates, and a copy of their Romance version of the bible. The matter came under discussion in the great Lateran Council, which resulted in a commission to institute an examination of the case. A learned monk made investigation of their religious knowledge and their orthodoxy. But his ideas of religious knowledge and theirs differed vastly. He meant by knowledge of religion, the scholastic terminology of the church; but they meant the experience of grace in the soul. He wanted doctrinal statements, and definitions of the distinction between *credere aliquid*, *et in aliquid*, and they could only tell what they had felt and seen. And, failing in this examination, permission to preach was refused. But, all the same, sure of their cause and their calling, they preached without permission, and in defiance of the pope; and that meant in the teeth of persecution. Waldo and his flock were driven from Lyons; they were hunted from place to place, nor ever allowed to rest. But, as always, the persecutors overreached themselves, for the driven people scattered the seed of life wherever they went, and a mighty harvest sprang up. Persecution brought the Reformation in. Peter Waldo spent twenty years in teaching and living the truth of Christ, and then fell asleep, leaving multitudes behind to carry on the

great, brave work. So God's workers die. His heroes go down to the grave; but the work goes on, in spite of fire and flood.

A simple people were those protestants of the valleys, learned in no lore save that of the ancient scriptures and rich only in faith and good works. They held that the sacred scriptures, independent of every other authority, explained from themselves, are the only source of a knowledge of the christian faith; they discarded the doctrine of necessity for a special priesthood—denied the right of the church to be a theocracy—denied the seven sacraments, the mass, the dogma of transubstantiation, of the worship of saints, of purgatory and of its associate dogma, that of indulgences. They declared for an universal christian priesthood, holding that each was called to minister in holy things. Their confession of faith put forth in 1120 is sufficient evidence of their purity of doctrine and an uncompromising hostility to the pretensions of Rome. In one article they say "that Christ is our life, and truth, and peace, and righteousness; our shepherd and advocate, our sacrifice and priest, who died for the sins of all who should believe, and rose again for our justification." Their sentiment toward Rome is thus defined in the article which immediately follows "and we also firmly believe that there is no other advocate or mediator with God the father but Jesus Christ, and as to the Virgin Mary, she was holy, humble, and full of grace; and this we also believe concerning all other saints, viz.: that they are waiting in heaven for the resurrection of their bodies in the day of judgment." And here is another of those articles of confession "moreover we have ever regarded all the inventions of men in the affairs of religion as an unspeakable abomination before God—such as the festival days and vigils of saints, and what is called holy water, the abstaining from flesh on certain days, and such like things—but above all, the masses." Not much of learning had those men; they were not doctors in divinity, but they had, and exercised it seems to me, that great gift or faculty to which all religious dogmas should be subject, *common sense*. If men would use that faculty more, taking less from superstition and more from the facts of the gospel and of daily life, they would be a little less afraid of the fathers and respect themselves a little more; would ask and think in a manly way; they would put away many of the abominations they now have, would have a larger and freer life, a truer thought, a diviner sentiment, and juster rules of conduct. Do I refer to the Roman Catholics? of course I do, to them and to the protestants.

I subscribe to the sentiments of the brave Waldenses, I accept their creed and claim those who put them forth as among my ancestors in the faith. A fig for the antiquity of Rome; we are as old, and a hundred times more venerable. We can claim at least that Protestant creed and Roman Catholic creed have come along the ages side by side, like the rivers Rhone and Garronne that run together for many a league, but the waters never mingling; the one bright, clear and sparkling, emblem of a free glad life—the other a muddy stream that rolls darkly along, with no pebbles gleaming from its bed, and never a star reflected in all its gloomy depths,—fit image of Rome, its doctrines and life.

From the time that Peter Waldo was driven from Lyons with his flock following him, and persecuted from place to place by order of his holiness the pope, the vengeance of the papacy followed the Vaudois with relentless fury. The great St. Bernard preached against them—used satire, anathemas and lies unsparingly. But they lived on. Missionaries were sent from Rome to convert them, and often went back converted to the Waldensian faith. Men renowned for their skill in polemics were sent to hold disputations with them, and got worsted in the combat. For the Waldenses fought with only simple weapons; no polished blades of Damascus, or tempered steel of Toledo, but rough unpolished things; no skill to go down and finger freely at the roots of a Greek irregular verb; no power of nice distinction between the subtle forms of theologic thought and speech; but with the weapons which they had they struck most mighty hard, cleaving through the shield and armor-joints of the doughty knights of unbelief and unreason, bringing them to their knees in shame and penitence.

But Rome had other arguments than those of her theologians—arguments which others have borrowed or stolen from her at times and used in a clumsy way, but of which Rome is the original author, the patentee and the mistress. One of them was the greatest argument she has ever used, and rarely failed to settle a dispute or silence a heretic. Was it her noble army of scholars learned in sacred things? No. Was it the eloquence of her preachers that went sweeping all opposition away like a mountain torrent when a flood has fallen? No. Was it the dialectic force and skill of her great controversialists that convinced or compelled the reason? No. Was it the beauty of the lives of popes and bishops and priests drawing the people to their creeds and their altars? No.

Then was it her winsome gentleness, her power of prayer and tears and pleading? No. It was "the holy Inquisition"—that tender, pathetic, reasoning, emotional, motherly thing—the infernal inquisition. The heresy which was spreading so alarmingly, created a want in the Roman Catholic ecclesiastical polity. It was found that the system was not perfect, for there was no way of reaching and exterminating the heretics. Papal bulls came roaring as did those of Bashan in the olden time, but they generally got into the pope's china shops and made a mess of things. Anathemas went rushing from the Vatican hissing hot, but a brief passage through the cool atmosphere of the people's indifference took the fire out of them and they didn't burn up much. So more had to be done, and more was done, for Rome was ever fruitful of inventions. The church felt, and confessed she felt, a want—the devil supplied the man to meet the want. Dominic was the name of him, with a "Saint" before it, which a grateful church placed there. I have a great reverence for "saints"—but then there are saints and saints—saints of the Church of Rome, and saints of the Church of Christ. This one was only a saint of the Church of Rome, and her way has always been to reward those who did her special service. And taking it that way, Dominic is a great saint. Descended from an illustrious Spanish family, he was educated for the priesthood. In 1170 he was born, and well for the world had it been, and well for himself, I think, if the first breath of him had been also the last. Until he came forth with his diabolical scheme of fire and blood, every bishop was his own inquisitor, and punished heresy with all the power he had, which was not much. The famous St. Bernard in a crowded place once declaimed against the heretics, and the audience left him to thunder at the pillars and empty benches, and all the mighty man could do was to try again in the market place, and, failing there, to shake the dust from his shoes against the obstinate city—from which dust if the people of that city of Toulouse suffered, history has not recorded it. But Dominic changed all that, finding a remedy. In the early part of the thirteenth century he founded the Inquisition, a secret tribunal set up in a secret chamber, with just such arguments of speech as the inquisitors cared to employ, and these failing, such powerful arguments as the rack and the thumb-screw, or the embrace of an iron figure with both hands full of knives, or else a pile of faggots and a torch. That was the instrument this Dominic, this *saint*, set up for the conversion of

heretics—an instrument that spread wailing and woe and bloody slaughter throughout all Europe. And this man, having first formed a race like himself—called at first "preaching friars," and then "Dominican friars"—died in his bed, was canonized as a saint, worshipped as a divinity, and proposed through christendom as a model of piety and virture. But as a quaint old writer has well said, "never was such a rabble in the world as a Spanish saint roll. The first class of them are ideal beings, or pagans, or enthusiasts, but the last are saints *with a vengeance*, for all their steps to paradise are marked with human blood." The Inquisition was certainly well calculated to produce an uniformity of religious profession, for who can stand against such weapons as it had at command? but a more infernal engine for the destruction of trust in the family, of all freedom of thought and speech, of all manful rights and brotherly honor, was never invented. It made the priesthood a despotism; it created distrust and jealousy everywhere; it made true and lasting friendships impossible. A man was dragged to the tribunal of the Inquisition; he knew not his accuser; he was ignorant of the nature of the charge against him, and often died in that ignorance, unless under torture he could invent some story of crime, and in the agonies of death forge a lie. The Spanish people have suffered most by the inventions of their fellow-countryman. By nature, and as God made them, they are generous, bold and open, and none in all Europe more chivalrous. Now, they are reserved, distrustful and jealous; in religion, ignorant and superstitious and bigotted; a lying people, and fierce in seeking revenge. What has brought about the change? The "holy Inquisition." When that was established, suspicion sprang up in every breast; friendship pure and frank was at an end; confidence no longer held families together, for the brother feared his brother, the father feared his son, the daughter distrusted her mother; society fell to pieces, broken by the holy Inquisition.

The story of the Waldensian persecution is a story of most heroic resistance, and clinging to faith and freedom, on the one side; and the most deadly, fierce, implacable hate, on the other. Their goods were confiscated, their houses burned; no one, on penalty of death, could offer them food and shelter. They were condemned to enjoy no christian privilege while living, and burial was denied to them when dead. The priests of Rome went preaching from land to land, in order to stir up a crusade against

the puritans of the Piedmont valleys. The favourite text of the preachers was this, from the Psalms: "Who will rise up for me against the evil doers, or who will stand up for me against the workers of iniquity?" And the sermon always closed with an earnest appeal to all the faithful, and a promise of pardon for all their sins, if they would join the holy crusade against the heretics. Many stood greatly in need of all the indulgence and pardon they could get, and they joined the faithful papal army. But the pope was not satisfied with the progress they were making; only a shower of rain was falling on the fire of heresy, and he wanted a *flood* poured down that should quench at once the flames, leaving but the black ashes of dead men behind. And so he proclaimed open war; sold his garment and bought a sword; and the struggle began in grim and deadly earnest. Count Raymond was deposed by the pope, and the papal army, pouring into the city of Beziers, slaughtered the inhabitants, Albigenses and Roman Catholics together. The city of Carcassone was taken by treachery, and the Earl of Beziers foully murdered. Avignon was stormed, and all the protestants slain without pity. The same work of ravage and murder was repeated in Alby; and, all the time, the holy inquisition was working along with this army of fanatics, beginning, or else completing, the deed of death; working so hard, and doing so much, that it got glutted, and had to pause awhile from the work of death from sheer exhaustion. The Church of Rome by this time had drunk the blood of full a million protestants; but her thirst was not quenched, and she turned elsewhere for another draught of this red, red wine, drawn from the veins of heretics.

In the year 1400 was commenced the great war of extermination against the Waldenses. It was toward the end of December, the time when the mountains were covered with snow, and the great avalanches thundered down to the valleys, and the passes were all choked up, and then, without a whisper of warning, or a note of challenge to battle, the Catholics broke into the peaceful valleys, burned the houses. and destroyed with wanton cruelty all they could lay their evil hands upon. Then might be seen defenceless and homeless men and women rushing up the sides of the snow-covered Alps to seek a place of hiding, with human hounds baying at their heels. Mothers went struggling up, a cradle in one hand, and with the other leading her boy of tender years. Night found them shelterless and foodless, and morning found them by scores stark

dead in the snow, and all this was done in the name of God and religion. In 1484 Innocent VIII was pope, and sent his legate with strict injunctions to raise an army and tread the Waldenses under foot as venemous adders. "Bend all your endeavours," said he, "and bestow all your care on so holy and so necessary an extermination of the heretics." But, it was not in pope or his legate to do that. Multitudes of those heretics bravely fought and bravely died, and the blood they shed brought forth a mighty harvest of believers. Onslaught followed onslaught; fast as they formed themselves into a community, it was broken up again; they were hunted down as if they had been wolves, and not peace-loving men; in Calabria they were utterly exterminated. But while fire and sword destroyed the Waldenses, it had no power to destroy the truth of God they had. That lived on—a light of revelation, flashing abroad on many lands; a source of strength to the weak, courage to the timid, and salvation to all who would. The truth of God is a mountain torrent which mortal power may turn aside or bar back for a little, but cannot dam up and stop; it will rise and swell and break away all human barriers, and go thundering down with life and healing for the nations. When Martin Luther came he was not alone, for thousands of the "poor men of Lyons," as they were called, and the Christians of the Vaudois valleys held a faith as pure, and saving, and honouring to God as that he proclaimed from his pulpit to the sturdy Germans. The Lord gave the world a word of peace and life, and will not have it crushed or dismissed at the bidding of an apostate church.

How the Waldenses were scattered by persecution, and how they returned, fighting their way back to their dear valleys again, marching as eagerly and resolutely as did Israel from Babylon, in the olden time; how they suffered and how they triumphed, getting possession of their home again, I have not space now to tell. But I want to speak a word here of our England, and of him who, in the long ago, smote down tyrants with his strong right hand; who gave the people back their freedom, their manhood; who raised the nations to greatness and honour, I mean the hero, the statesman, the soldier, Oliver Cromwell. No man so great as he hath England seen for many a year. So brave in battle; so wise in counsel; so patriotic in sentiment, and so true in character; and few acts in his noble life are worthier to be chronicled than the protection he afforded to the Vaudois Christians. England grew sick of the horrible massacres; the tales

of burning and blood-shed made her cry out in her pain, for England was ever as tender of heart as she was brave. What could they, the great sympathising people of England? Why give a collection; that always comes first with the English, for they are a practical people, and knew that bread will cost money? So they made a national collection, the crownless king Cromwell heading the list for a good thousand pounds. But the war and the murder went on, and England grew fiercer with pity. The great Milton had flung his passionate cry to the heavens:

"Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold:
Even them who kept Thy faith so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones,
Forget not: in Thy book record their groans
Who were Thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant: that from these may grow
A hundred fold, who, having learned Thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe."

Then England spoke, through her great protector, courteously, but firmly, in two letters, one to the King of France, and the other to the English Ambassador at his court. Will you bear with me while I read them? The first was written in the stately Latin tongue, and Milton, of course, was the writer.

The English is thus:

"*To the most serene and potent Prince, Louis, King of France.*

MOST SERENE AND POTENT KING, MOST CLOSE FRIEND AND ALLY,

Your Majesty may recollect that during the negotiation between us for the renewing of our League (which many advantages to both Nations, and much damage to their common Enemies, resulting therefrom, now testify to have been very wisely done),—there fell out that miserable Slaughter of the People of the Valleys: whose cause, on all sides deserted and trodden down, we, with the utmost earnestness and piry, recommend to your mercy and protection. Nor do we think your Majesty, for your own part, has been wanting in an office so pious and indeed so human, in so far as either by authority or favour you might have influence with the Duke of Savoy: we certainly, and many other Princes and States, by embassies, by letters, by entreaties directed thither, have not been wanting.

After that most sanguinary Massacre, which spared no age nor either sex,

there was at last a Peace given; or rather, under the specious name of Peace, a certain more disguised hostility. The terms of the Peace were settled in your Town of Pignerol: hard terms; but such as those poor People, indigent and wretched, after suffering all manner of cruelties and atrocities, might gladly acquiesce in; if only, hard and unjust as the bargain is, it were adhered to. It is not adhered to: those terms are broken; the purport of every one of them is, by false interpretation and various subterfuges, eluded and violated. Many of these People *are* ejected from their old Habitations; their Native Religion is prohibited to many: new Taxes are exacted; a new Fortress has been built over them, out of which soldiers frequently sallying plunder or kill whomsoever they meet. Moreover, new Forces have of late been privily got ready against them; and such as follow the Romish Religion are directed to withdraw from among them within a limited time: so that everything seems now again to point towards the extermination of all among those unhappy People, whom the former Massacre had left.

Which now, O Most Christian King, I beseech and obtest thee, by thy right-hand which pledged a League and Friendship with us, by the sacred honour of that Title of Most Christian,—permit not to be done: nor let such license of savagery, I do not say to any Prince (for indeed no cruelty like this could come into the mind of any Prince, much less into the tender years of that young Prince, or into the woman's heart of his Mother), but to those most accursed Assassins, be given. Who while they profess themselves the servants and imitators of Christ our Saviour, who came into this world that he might save sinners, abuse His most merciful Name and Commandments to the cruelest slaughterings. Snatch, thou who art able, and who in such an elevation art worthy to be able, those poor Suppliants of thine from the hands of Murderers, who, lately drunk with blood, are again athirst for it, and think convenient to turn the discredit of their own cruelty upon their Prince's score. Suffer not either thy Titles and the Environs of thy Kingdom to be soiled with that discredit, or the peaceable Gospel of Christ by that cruelty, in thy Reign. Remember that these very People became subjects of thy Ancestor, Henry, most friendly to Protestants; when Lesdiguières victoriously pursued him of Savoy across the Alps, through those same Valleys, where indeed the most commodious pass to Italy is. The Instrument of that their Paction and Surrender is yet extant in the Public Acts of your Kingdom: in which this among other things is specified and provided against, That these People of the Valleys should not thereafter be delivered over to any one except on the same conditions under which thy invincible Ancestor had received them into fealty. This promised protection they now implore; promise of thy Ancestor they now, from thee the Grandson, suppliantly demand. To be thine rather than his whose they now are, if by any means of exchange it could be done, they would wish and prefer: if that may not be, thine at least by succour, by commiseration and deliverance.

There are likewise reasons of state which might give inducement not to reject these People of the Valleys flying for shelter to thee: but I would not have thee, so great a King as thou art, be moved to the defence of the unfortunate by other reasons than the promise of thy Ancestors, and thy own piety and royal benignity and greatness of mind. So shall the praise and fame of this most worthy action be unmixed and clear; and thyself shalt find the Father of Mercy

and His Son Christ the King, whose Name and Doctrine thou shalt have vindicated, the more favourable to thee, and propitious through the course of life.

May the Almighty, for His own glory, for the safety of so many innocent Christian men, and for your true honour, dispose your Majesty to this determination. Your Majesty's most friendly

OLIVER PROTECTOR OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF ENGLAND.

Westminster, 26th May 1658."

That is the letter, just like him; the brave, tender Oliver. And here is the other:

'*To Sir William Lockhart, our Ambassador at the French Court: These.*'

'Whitehall,' 26th May, 1658.

SIR,

The continual troubles and vexations of the poor People of Piedmont professing the Reformed Religion,—and that after so many serious instances of yours in the Court of France in their behalf, and after such hearty recommendations of their most deplorable condition to his Majesty in our name, who also has been pleased upon all such occasions to profess very deep resentments of their miseries, and to give us no small hopes of interposing his power and interest with the Duke of Savoy for the accommodating of those affairs, and for the restoring those poor distressed creatures to their ancient privileges and habitations.—are matter of so much grief to us, and lie so near our heart, that, notwithstanding we are abundantly satisfied with those many signal marks you have always hitherto given of your truly Christian zeal and tenderness on their regard, yet the present conjuncture of their affairs, and the misery that is daily added to their affliction begetting in us fresh arguments of pity towards them, not only as men, but as the poor distressed Members of Christ,—do really move us at present to recommend their sad condition to your special care. Desiring you to redouble your instances with the King, in such pathetic and affectionate expressions as may be in some measure suitable to the greatness of their present sufferings and grievances. Which, the truth is, are almost inexpressible. For so restless and implacable is the malice and fury of their Popish Adversaries, that,—as though they esteemed it but a light matter to have formerly shed the innocent blood of so many hundreds of souls, to have burned their houses, to have rased their churches, to have plundered their goods, and to have driven out the Inhabitants beyond the River Pelice, out of those their ancient Possessions which they had quietly enjoyed for so many ages and generations together,—they are now resolved to fill their cup of affliction up to the brim, and to heat the furnace yet seven times hotter than before. Amongst other things:

First,—They forcibly prohibit all manner of Public Exercises at San Giovanni, which, notwithstanding, the Inhabitants have enjoyed time out of mind: and in case they yield not ready obedience to such most unrighteous orders, they are immediately summoned before their Courts of Justice, and there proceeded against in a most severe and rigorous manner, and some threatened to be wholly destroyed and exterminated.

2. And forasmuch as, in the said Valleys, there are not found among the Natives men fitly qualified and of abilities for Ministerial Functions to supply so

much as one half of their Churches, and upon this account they are necessitated to entertain some out of France and Geneva, which are the Duke of Savoy's friends and allies,—their Popish Enemies take hold of this advantage; and make use of this stratagem, namely, to banish and drive out the shepherds of the flocks, that so the wolves may the better come in and devour the sheep.

3. To this we add, their strict prohibition of all Physicians and Chirurgeons of the Reformed Religion to inhabit in the Valleys. And thus they attempt not only to starve their souls for want of spiritual food and nourishment, but to destroy their bodies likewise for want of those outward conveniences and helps which God hath allowed to all mankind.

4. And as a supplement to the former grievances, those of the Reformed Religion are prohibited all manner of Commerce and Trade with their Popish neighbours; that so they may not be able to subsist and maintain their families: and if they offend herein in the least, they are immediately apprehended as rebels.

5. Moreover, to give the world a clear testimony what their main design in all these oppressions is, they have issued out Orders whereby to force the poor Protestants To sell their Lands and Houses to their Popish neighbours: whereas the Papists are prohibited upon pain of excommunication to sell any immovable to the Protestants.

6. Besides, the Court of Savoy have rebuilt the Fort of La Torre; contrary to the formal and express promise made by them to the Ambassadors of the Evangelical Cantons. Where they have also placed Commanders, who commit the Lord knows how many excesses and outrages in all the neighbouring parts; without being ever called to question, or compelled to make restitution for the same. If by chance any murder be committed in the Valleys (as is too-too often practised) whereof the authors are not discovered, the poor Protestants are immediately accused as guilty thereof, to render them odious to their neighbours.

7. There are sent lately into the said Valleys several Troops of Horse and Companies of Foot; which hath caused the poor People, out of fear of a massacre, with great expense and difficulty to send their wives and little ones, with all that were feeble and sick amongst them, into the Valley of Perosa, under the King of France, his Dominions.

These are, in short, the grievances, and this is the present state and condition of these poor People even at this very day. Whereof you are to use your utmost endeavours to make his Majesty thoroughly sensible; and to persuade him to give speedy and effectual orders 'to' his Ambassador who resides in the Duke's Court, To act vigorously in their behalf. Our Letter, which you shall present his Majesty for this end and purpose, contains several reasons in it which we hope will move his heart to the performance of this charitable and merciful work. And we desire you to second and animate the same with your most earnest solicitations; representing unto him how much his own interest and honour is concerned in the making good that Accord of Henry the Fourth, his royal predecessor, with the Ambassadors of those very People, in the year 1592, by the Constable of Lesdiguières; which Accord is registered in the Parliament of Dauphiné; and whereof you have an authentic copy in your own hands. Whereby the Kings of France oblige themselves and their Successors To maintain and preserve their ancient privileges and concessions.—Besides that the

gaining to himself the hearts of that People, by so gracious and remarkable a protection and delverance, might be of no little use another day, in relation to Pignerol and the other adjacent places under his Dominions.

One of the most effectual remedies, which we conceive the fittest to be applied at present is, That the King of France would be pleased to make an Exchange with the Duke of Savoy for those Valleys; resigning over to him some other part of his Dominions in lieu thereof,—as, in the reign of Henry the Fourth, the Marquisate of Saluces was exchanged with the Duke for La Bresse. Which certainly could not but be of great advantage to his Majesty, as well for the safety of Pignerol, as for the opening of a Passage for his Forces into Italy,—which 'Passage,' if under the dominion, and in the hands of so powerful a Prince, joined with the natural strength of these places by reason of their situation, must needs be rendered impregnable.

By what we have already said, you see our intentions; and therefore we leave all other particulars to your special care and conduct; and rest, 'your friend,'

OLIVER P.

That was the last letter on public affairs the great man ever wrote, and it was worthy to stand at the end of the long catalogue of his greatnesses. And this is the end of my story, told imperfectly I am sure, but with the best of intentions. I wanted to show how fierce bigotry can be, and how truth holds its own against overwhelming odds. Not from hatred to Rome have I spoken, but from hatred to bigotry and persecution, and strong admiration for whatever is brave in man. Were the Waldenses perfect? Oh no! but then who is? If they had been masters would they have turned on the Romans with sword and with fire? Perhaps, for fierce persecution has not been confined to the Romans, and I am against persecution anywhere, in any church. Had the Waldenses hunted a single Roman Catholic family out of their peaceful valleys; had "the poor men" of Lyons worried and harried a simple outlying village, my words of condemnation would be spoken in no tame and measured way. I know that at one time over in England protestantism took the place of Roman catholicism, and the presbyter was but priest writ large. The King Henry was vile and a brute; do you think I am going to defend him? The Protestants tortured the Catholics and Quakers; do you think I am proud of that? I tell you I am ashamed of it; I am no apologist for any man's wrong doing, or the crimes of any institution. I don't care for churches three figs, but I care for the truth of God and the rights of men; I care for the progress of our common humanity; I care for the development of reason and the free exercise of conscience. If any man wants to bind truth, to deny the natural freedom of others to think and to speak, I am the enemy of

that man, be he priest or presbyter, cleric or laic. I am on the side of the persecuted, and when I am persecuted I am on my own side, and, this way or that, shall take my own manful rights. I am told I must not speak against the religion of the Roman Catholic Church. I never did ; I only spoke against its *irreligion*, and surely a born Briton may do that. I shall speak of the irreligion of the protestant churches by and by. I am constantly speaking of the irreligion of my own church. What else am I here for? I am not for a party—I am for the people, for humanity. What else should the preacher do? Is he to smooth over sin in the past or the present? I say *no*. Is he to gather inspiration from some ecclesiastical system, speaking and working for that? I say *no*. Is he to maintain the dignity of a caste or a privileged class of men? I say *no*. He is to try and build men up strong in truth and beautiful in holiness. He is to speak great lessons of living, lessons drawn from men's blunders and sins in the past, lessons drawn from the experiences through which men are going, lessons drawn from the word of man and the word of God, from the heavens above and earth beneath and hell that is under the earth, that all may learn to be wise and rise from high to higher, till they awake satisfied in the likeness of God.

THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

ITS RISE, DOCTRINE AND RITUAL.

In preceding lectures, I have attempted to show to what a colossus of crime the Romish Church had grown. The vow of purity its children took became a license for sin. The corruptist court in the world was the court of the pope. Both morality and doctrine were shamefully entreated by the clergy. Its wonderful policy had most wonderfully succeeded. The conquering sword of christian kings made whole nations convert to Rome, and the priests held them to the faith. Liberty of speech and freedom of conscience was an ancient dream that few men dared to speak about. The conscience of Europe was in the keeping of the pope, and neither king nor beggar could choose his faith or ritual of worship. The church taxed a man's land, and also his conscience. She took from him the trust of his wife and son and daughter; the guidance of his own reason, and the work of personal salvation. That could not last for ever. Israel oppressed will cry at last to God. He will hear the cry, come down to summon some Moses to stand before the burning bush and receive commission to go down and crush to the dust the haughty oppressor. The protestant reformation was not the work of an hour. For centuries the thought of it had been in many a mind, and the love of it in many a heart. Whole ages back the valleys of the Vaudois, and the Piedmont had been lit up from end to end by the teachings of justification by faith and not by the deeds of the law. Lutheranism was long before Luther. There was no time in all Rome's history when no protestant appeared. If she burned him here, another rose up there; he died also, and a hundred sprang up to fill the place. There was always some Paul of Samosata, some Peter of Bruis, or Henry of Lausanne to give the church trouble. In the twelfth century, not all the miracles of Clairvaux and the leanness of its abbots could put down the heretics. Waldo arose in France; Arnold in Italy; John Huss in Constance, and Wickliffe in England. Brave men and good, all of them—men loving Christ and christian truth. The preparation was going on; God was moving the heart of the nations. The

spirit of the Lord had come in answer to the human cry. It burned in holy souls in Languedoc and Bohemia, in the valleys of the Pyrenees and the mountains of the Tyrol. Every new light that shone from holy writ; every improvement in law, and science, and art; every discovery in astronomy, was an agent of the reformation. Luther, Melancthon, Calvin and a host of others arose at last—great men, mighty men, heroes in the faith, called by God, guided by him; *driven*, sometimes, to stand in the breach and fight for the human race. It had long been preparing. Men had been digging the foundation and quarrying stone and hewing the wood; that done, Luther and his fellows came to build it up with manly shouting.

I have always looked with wonder and no small admiration upon those early reformers. Here is the work they had to do: to convince men that the canonical scriptures of the old and the new testaments are the direct word of God and the only infallible rules of faith and practice; to deny what the church had all along taught, that an inspired man was needed to stand between mankind and the inspired word of God; that the miracles of the church were only lies, invented to bolster up a false and foul superstition; that the ecclesiastical traditions were worth no more than other traditions; that the pope was not God's vicar at all, had no right to authority, and could neither retain nor remit any man's sin. Now that was asking the human race to take a great step, and it required no little manhood, no little manly heroism to do it. They came to a people steeped in Romanism to the very lips, to men and women who from the cradle had been taught to offer it steady and unquestioning obedience, people entangled in the meshes of a priestly network of most cunning workmanship, and said to them all: Break away from this faith, it is false; cast off this priestly domination and authority, it is unwarrantable usurpation; put away this ritual, it is a worn out thing and useless. It was a great negative work they were called to do, a work that is always hard and often dissappointing in its results. People cling to their old beliefs and prejudices for dear life, and it is a greater task to take from them a falsehood than to give them a truth. To do that negative work manly *men* are needed, and, thank God, whenever these men are needed they are raised up. This protest against Rome, in Germany most of all, was one of the noblest things the world has ever seen. Only once, I think, has it been surpassed, and then by One whose soul was big as yesterday, to-day and forever, standing forth to protest against Judaism and all

sin of speech and deed, and by his life and death gaining redemption for every mortal man. There is no tyranny like that of the spiritual, none half so fierce and crushing, and so there is no heroism like that which breaks the bonds of such tyranny. You shall find hosts of men ready to wade to the neck in blood, to offer themselves to fight savages in a deadly climate and be food for powder anywhere. You can buy them for a uniform apiece, a trifling coin and a remote chance of a little fame. It doesn't require a very high kind of courage for that. But to oppose institutions rooted deep in the people's love, and which your fathers reverenced in centuries gone by; to break down the altars at which they offered sacrifice; to denounce a form by which they worshipped God; to destroy the usages that ministered to a mother's piety, gave her strength to bear the ills and cross of life, and gave her comfort in the hour of death; and to do this because in them you have seen lurking a despotism that binds the hands and fetters the heart. To hew down the tree, hoary and venerable, under whose spreading branches twenty generations have gathered to play their merry May day games and tell the story of their love, and that because it poisons the air around, and stifles the breath of your neighbours who believe it not. Such work is a sad and bitter thing, requring a great soul that loves truth more than all the poor temporalities of ease, and fame, and life, requiring, it seems to me, a heart that swells and heaves with the pure emotions of religion, like the great ocean when pressed by the wings of a mighty storm. A man must be ready to lose himself if he would this way save the world.

It is marvellous to note how much the character of the leading spirits of the day contributed to the firm establishment of the protestant cause. Leo the Tenth was Pope, a member of the magnificent, but ill-fated, Medici family; would have been a great man if his lot had been cast in less difficult times. He held that might was the only right, and policy the highest law. Erasmus was there with a giant intellect and a child's timidity, a great and brilliant coward, laying his axe to the root of the papal tree in spite of himself. Luther had the heart of a lion and the tongue of an orator,—would dare and do the mightiest things that his conscience told him should be done. In England, Henry VIII was on the throne; a man of great powers and small principles, a little regard for religion and more for himself, with pride and passion and self-will in abundance. When Luther thundered against the papacy, Henry

had small sympathy with the monk and the word he spoke. When he wearied of his wife and wanted a divorce, which the pope rightly refused, Henry turned protestant and dared the pope and all his cardinals. I am not going to allow for a moment that we owe our protestant freedom of thought and worship, our protestant doctrines of faith and love, to the self-willed, arrogant, and sensual, Henry VIII. No earthly power could have staved off the reformation long, and Henry did but hasten it by a year or two. When the heart of a people is stirred within it, longing desperately for a religion it can live and die by—a religion of pure faith and morals, and a burning, saving love—a religion that leaves the home its sacredness and gives it lasting beauty—a religion that shall give the conscience peace and satisfy the soul, then it *must* soon come. A great-soul'd Luther will give it to the Germans; a restive, self-willed king will give it to the English. The Almighty guides the affairs of His church, and by instruments the most unlikely spreads the glory of His name.

The existence of the Church of England as a distinct body, and her final separation from Rome, must be dated from the period of the divorce. It was a mighty wrenching and rending away from the past, and not without great convulsions was the work of separation completed. It always must be so with the individual or the community. Old faiths cannot be destroyed, old rituals abandoned, old allegiance cast off, and new faiths embraced, or new rituals formed and new powers acknowledged, without great and mighty struggles. No wonder that the bewildered Nicodemus cried, "How can a man be born when he is old?" It is hard indeed—a time of anguish and woe. The demon that has entered the body will hold it to the last, and cast it down and tear it in the desperate endeavor to hold dominion.

The clergy were the great opposers of the reformation. They saw, or thought they saw, some sinister design upon their privileges and temporalities. They had lorded it over God's heritage, and thought they held the conscience of the people in fee simple. These protestant doctrines were dangerous to their spiritual power and temporal wealth alike, for they taught that each man was free to speak his own thoughts to God, and that by the death of Christ every son of Adam might become a king and priest to God the Father. They taught a pure morality also, which was opposed to the practice of the great mass of the clergy. And so they stood

manfully at the pumps, and mended the torn sail as best they could, to keep the battered, water-logged old papal ship afloat. But all in vain, for a storm was raging and the sea was heaving wildly. The ship struggled for a while against wind and tide, and then was mastered, and flung high and dry upon the shore, from henceforth a wreck, and useless to any crew but a few young ritualists of these latter days who are spending their strength in the vain endeavor to make her sea-worthy again.

To me that is one of the strangest things I meet in the way of experience—clerical opposition to all and every reform. Christ found his deadliest foes in the rabbis and priests, they it was that hated him most and crucified him at last. When Wesley and Whitfield came with a lofty purpose and a word of life, it was the clergy who raised the mob against them and often perilled their lives. Thousands of honest men now are longing to see the Episcopal Church set free, that she may take her right place in the nation, and, unfettered, do her noble work, and the clergy again bar the way of reform. How they cling to glebe lands and rich endowments,—how frightened they are at the thought of walking alone without the crutch of state to lean upon. Can it be that this after all is but humility, and we have all along mistaken it for something else? Can it be that they are so distrustful of themselves and their own powers of self governance that they insist upon taking men with different creeds and men with no creeds at all into their affairs? Are they so distrustful of their own light by which to read and interpret doctrine that they must borrow the light of a political senate, to which a man is rarely sent on account of his profound religious convictions or clear insight into truth? Can it be that they have formed so modest an estimate of their powers that they are afraid to trust themselves to the people whom they seek to lead in the way of truth and life? Oh! when will the clergy essay to lead mankind in its search for higher truth and more light instead of standing up to bar the way? Progress has not ceased to be possible—standing still is not yet a law of heaven for earth. "Lay aside every weight and press toward the goal," is still the true cry for individuals and for churches. The march forward may not, *must* not cease, and if the clergy prove laggards in the way, then they must follow the lead of others and take the truths men find at second hand.

The first outward sign that the work of the reformation was an

earnest and a real thing was the suppression of the monasteries. These were the great bulwarks of the Roman Church—while these stood up in England's richest valleys, overshadowing the baronial hall and the peasant's cot, rich in lands which kings and pious ancestors had from time to time bequeathed, secret council chambers all through the land where many a popish plot had birth, and dens of darkest profligacy withal—while these stood with their multitudes of monks and nuns, Rome would hold her own in England. There was a time when those monastic institutions served the cause of humanity. When the country was a prey to barbarism ; when securrity of life or property was impossible in the land because of constant wars between barons and counties, these religious houses claimed and received a wide and deep veneration, and helped to humanize the mind as well as to convert the heart. But abuse follows swift on the heels of use, and before many centuries had passed away the blessing was transformed into a curse. When the decay had once set in the work was rapidly done, and what had been a thing of use, of beauty and of joy, became ugly, loathsome, and to be trampled under foot. Strong? Those monastaries were dangerously strong. They had the wealth of England, they had its books and its scholars, they had its orators and artists, they had hold of its conscience, and the nation could never be free till these were done away for ever.

Henry was impelled by rapacity, they say, when he did it ; perhaps he was: but, thank God, he did it. Enormous sums went into the public exchequer by means of it, and most was well and usefully spent. A part of it went to construct harbours to help the industry and commerce of the nation ; a part of it went to build hospitals for the sick and poor, and a part of it to build colleges for the education of her sons. Was this spoliation? was it robbery to take the property of the church and apply it to secular uses? Had the king and parliament any right to step in between the church and her lands? Well, if abuses are to be put away and wrongs redressed, some means must be found of doing it. The wealth of the church was the chief cause of clerical immorality, and the one thing that gave to Rome her power. So that besetting sin must be taken away from her. Pious ancestors had given some and pious kings had given the rest. The gifts had been abused, and the nation took them back again. Is the church contained in the nation, or the nation contained in the church ? did the church found the nation or the nation establish the church? which is the older and which

the greater? The church, as established, is the servant of the nation; her wealth was given her for a set purpose; that purpose accomplished, or the national mind changed, and the wealth goes back into the hands that gave it. If she has the mind, she certainly has the right to enjoy it while the majority is on her side; and others holding a different opinion certainly have equal right to strive by every legitimate means to change the mind of the majority, that she may stand forth with all her magnificent resources of learning and oratory and organization, a free church in a free land, unfettered by state control, unhampered by state endowment, and working as she best knows how, teaching what she holds as true, worshipping by a ritual helpful to her members, and so bringing salvation to our people and glory to our God.

This state control from the very first was a mighty yoke upon the neck of her. She had but changed Popes, Leo X. for Henry VIII.—A Paul or a Pius of Rome for England's reigning monarch. How did the evil effects appear at first? Why, thus: the fortunes of the Reformation and the Protestant cause in England rose and fell with the capricious temper or changing moods of the king. Henry was long halting between two opinions, and none, for a time, could say whether England would be Protestant or Romish. The cause was put in fearful peril by his marriage with Catherine Howard, and for a time the fortunes of the pure faith were trembling in the balance. Some change on the part of the king, or sinister advice from Wolsey and the work of Wickliff were undone. Oh, well for the church of Christ in the land, and well for the peace of the nation since, if some christian heroes had but risen up to denounce her craven policy, give back the wealth they had, and cast themselves for bread upon their people and their God. One strong struggle, and the thing would have been done for ever. Surely it was a sad thing to see the fortunes of Christ's church dependent on the caprice of a selfish, grasping, irreligious king. A sad thing to see ministers of Christ selling their noble birth-right for a mess of potage. What are houses and lands when compared with a minister's freedom of speech and act. The effect of state pay, and state control must always be disastrous. In the time of Henry it imperilled the cause of the Reformation, made impossible a change of doctrine, caused the clergy to adopt a policy of vacilation that should change with the humour of the king. In the time of Edward it established the Protestant Episcopal Church, forced upon the people their spiritual

teachers, their liturgy, their ritual and their doctrines. In the time of Mary it enkindled a thousand martyr-fires, caused her noblest sons and truest daughters to perish at the stake, and but for the love of God toward us would have again enwrapped our land in the dense darkness of the papacy. Ever since then it has had the effect of making the clergy a class and a caste, separate from the people and given to tyranny; it has opened the pulpits of the land to the dowerless sons of the rich, who were too poor to buy a commission in the army, and too proud to do the work of a doctor or a merchant, but had no fitness, either by power of speech or religious fervour, for the holy office they assumed. Hireling shepherds they were, who sought personal pleasure and left the sheep to perish. Because of state pay and state control discipline is now well nigh impossible. English clergymen have adopted the ritual of the Romish Church, are practising its posturings and genuflexions, adopting again its fashions in millinery, teaching doctrines that Protestant England holds in abhorrence, such as the real presence and the confessional, they are seeking once more to establish the tyranny of the priesthood, and are doing it in defiance of principles of honesty, in defiance of church dignitaries, in defiance of public opinion. Internal reform is simply impossible; discipline cannot be enforced, because the church is controlled by the state. And what does the state mean? Why, multitudes of dissenters, and Jews, and Catholics, and infidels, and all having a share in the management of the Church Episcopal. Its representative, the parliament, is made up of men of the most diverse creeds, and some whose creeds it would be difficult to define. And what is the church? Why, it is made up of three great parties, between whom there is not much love—the high, the broad, the low—one is very nearly allied to the dissenters, another so near akin to the Roman Catholics that it would require a King Solomon to tell the difference. And this motley parliament has control of this motley church. It seems to me that there is no escape for the church from her present anomalous position—from the perils that threaten her most of all from within—but in emancipation, by divorcing herself from this connection with the state. If at one time the establishment was necessary as a bulwark of the Protestant faith, as a barrier to the progress of Rome, now a free church is needed to do the same work. Through the establishment popery is coming in; the state church through a portion of its members is compelled to be an ally of the Pope of Rome.

The non-conformity of England to-day, and not the established church, is the bulwark of our faith. If at first it was right that the Episcopal Church should receive state aid and state control, circumstances now demand that she should decline the patronage longer and refuse the control. To meet the subtle policy of Rome's priests, the infidelity of the day, the wide-spread mammon worship and spirit of ease and pleasure-loving, they want Protestant churches; all equal in the eye of the law; all free to govern themselves in ecclesiastical affairs; to choose their doctrine and their ritual, all joined in unity of purpose, though not crushed into uniformity of expression; all working as they best know how for the good of men, and the glory of God the Father.

By freedom of thought the Reformation came and grew. Luther dared to think in Germany; Wickliff, and a host of others, dared to think in England. It was not by legislative enactments—it was not by the suppression of monasteries, that the protestant faith was established in England; but by the liberty men took to read the word of God, and think upon its teachings. The church has kept freedom of thought ever since; but never gained freedom of action —never learnt that Christ's kingdom, not being of this world, may not, cannot, without peril to herself, receive her laws from Cæsar.

When Henry VIII died, little or no advance had been made toward a purer doctrine and a truer ritual. The name of the church had been changed; the headship of it had been vested in other hands; but the church itself was substantially the same. Transubstantiation was still held; the cup was denied to the laity; prayers were offered for the dead; the clergy were compelled to remain celibates as before; and, with scarcely a change, the old ritual was observed. Henry himself was so little changed that he left a considerable sum of money to the church of Windsor, that every year masses might be said for his soul. Superstitions die hard. It is easy to believe against them, and preach against them; but to slay them outright is a difficult affair. It was reserved for Edward VI fully to establish the Episcopal Church in the protestant faith, with doctrines gathered in part from Germany, and in part from Geneva.

Two causes helped to retard the work of the Reformation: the one was the veneration the people had for the church of their fathers, and the other was the foolish zeal of the imprudent reformers. They forgot, many of them, that, though individuals

may pass quickly out of Egyptian darkness, communities move slow. A *man* may learn a truth in an hour; but a *nation* must ponder for a century, and arrive at conviction by slow stages. A man who has been accustomed for many years to a dark room, cannot bear a flood of light all at once to flash upon the eye; he must have it by degrees, till the nerves have gathered strength. A nation may be born in a day; but cannot reach mature manhood in a day. There is the time of nonage, the dawn of wisdom's day; the time of hope and fear; the time of clinging to the old, and dread of trusting the new; and wise men will treat it gently, nor seek by violent outrage to thrust it back into the darkness, from which it has barely emerged. When the foolish zealots seized the images, and destroyed them ruthlessly, they were doing a good thing imprudently; they imperilled the good cause by rashness, and drove the shadow back upon the dial, for the lengthening of the life of Rome.

Still, great advance was made. The laity were admitted to the sacrament, and private masses were forbidden. Auricular confession was no longer enforced, but he might confess his sins who would. Then the old scandal of clerical celibacy was done away, and the work of reform went rapidly on. When Mary ascended the throne, with her policy of blood and death, by which she sought to restore the papacy, the work had been so well and so faithfully done—the new teaching had taken such firm hold upon the heart and conscience—that a thousand fires could not burn it, and the royal fiat could not banish it the land. Gardiner, the politic adviser of the queen, sought to lead the nation back by slow degrees; but the nation would not be led that way. It had eaten the strong meat, and done the hard work of Pharaoh, long enough; and now that Canaan stood forth to view, a land of figs and pomegranites, a land flowing with milk and honey, it would not turn its back upon the fair and peaceful scene to retrace its steps across the hot and rocky desert.

Then, the grim arguments of fire and sword and rack, were tried, you know how fiercely. Rome had drunk blood in the valleys of the Pyrenees, and the mountains of the Tyrol; in Spain and France she had made her thunder and her lightning felt, and then tried her murderous policy in England. But it was too late. The people had drank of the clear spring, and would not stoop down to drink from the mud-pools Rome was pointing out. The martyrs fire makes

more converts than all the preaching of a Luther. The blood of a true man shed, and a host of heroes spring forth as the harvest after the summer. Latimer lit his candle there in Smithfield, and it has gone shining on through the stormy night and wintry day: a blaze that ever grows and flashes wider abroad with every added age; a light to shine aloft, a blessing and a joy, while sun and moon and stars endure. The ambitious, for money or for power, may find length of days a grand necessity to the working out of his purpose, but a true servant of Jesus Christ, a lover of religion, takes no count of time at all; his supreme concern is to be faithful unto dying. While the great master died on a cross, the servant may not shrink from the stake and the fagot. *His*, is to hold the truth, to speak it, to live it, ever ready to be offered up, sure that the crown of righteousness awaits the just man there.

In 1558 Queen Mary died, and Elizabeth, amid universal rejoicings, took possession of the throne. A prudent woman was Elizabeth, and a friend to the reformation. She lived in stormy times—times of wars abroad and wars at home. She had a strong hand, and foes at home or elsewhere felt the weight of it. Of her dealings with the puritans I shall have occasion to speak in a future lecture. Suffice it to say now that the work of the reformation was completed in her day. The power of Rome was forever broken in England, her shackles the nation had cast off and trampled under foot. Men at last were free from priestcraft and from superstition. They learnt that Christ is the only saviour of men, and penances and the prayers of the saints cannot secure heaven. One sacrifice alone can be efficacious, that of the Son of God. They learnt that salvation is a personal work, and cannot be delegated to the priest; that each for himself must work it out under the guidance of the Holy Ghost. They learnt to read the bible as the mind of God revealed, and to find in Him a tender father and an ever constant friend. Religion became a reality, a principle of life and love and faith, a guide for speech and deed, a thing to live by always, and not a formula or creed as the Church of Rome had always made it. In spite of state control and legislative interference, her earnest men did great and earnest work. The English Church did much to make the English nation, and that is a work great enough and grand enough to cover any institution with immortal glory.

Of course great changes have at different periods taken place. Sometimes for the good and sometimes for the evil of her. She has

had times of supineness and times of marvellous energy. I will dwell a little more on the present condition of the church, as far as I understand it, looking back sometimes into history, and on sometimes into the probable future. And I would mention as one striking and prominent aspect of the church to-day, its great activity. The Episcopal Church of England is fully awake; knows her vast resources; knows her responsibility, and is working in city and town and village with most magnificent zeal. There have been periods in her history, whole centuries together, when she has been marked by a shameful and guilty supineness. The clergy, sure of their pay, neglected the work put into their hands,—whole parishes were left to starve and faint and die; multitudes hungered, but no man broke the bread of life to them. They were parched with thirst and scarce a man in all the clergy could be found to point the way to the river of God. I am not astonished at that; it seems to me a natural outcome, or result, of a state endowed church. To do the work of the christian ministry well and faithfully, the grand essential is a burning zeal; the imperative of love to God and man speaking in the soul. How else can he speak words of truth with saving power; how else can he bear the disappontments, the heart-sicknesses, the pains and smarts of his life; how else can he practice forbearance toward the ignorant, and vain, and obstinate, and indifferent; how else stand up the winter through and receive the snows into his bosom, to melt them with the heat of it, and cause them to spring up again at his feet, clear water for the thirsty. There must be the true christian before there can be the true minister. Power of holy life, and power of eloquent speech are the indispensible conditions. But those conditions were, for the most part, utterly ignored. The office was sought for its social position and respectable living; patronage was the great prime force, and rarely the constraining love of Christ. Where that is so the ministry must be a cold and nerveless thing—a body without a soul—a mere profession without piety. The clergy had not even that poor incentive and pitiful motive which men find when they have to earn the bread they eat. The state made the bread and water sure. Once installed by a patron in a living and the parson was secure. Be he faithful or unfaithful, diligent or idle, a wise man or a fool, eloquent or a stammerer, every year the tithes would come, though from him and from his church the people would stay away. What could be more natural than that this state of things should produce inertia and

indifference; should fill the pulpits with men to whom earnestness would be vulgar extravagance, and piety a maudlin sentimentality; with men who, for the most part, were either dandies or drones, hireling shepherds, who took no care to fight the wolf and save the flock.

But, it will be said, perhaps, the cause still exists; how do you account for a different effect from the same. There is still, as ever, the exercise of patronage; purchase has been abolished in the army, but not in the church; still the living is secure, and so is the social position. And yet now there is great activity among the clergy of the English Church. They are hard working men; multitudes of them men of deep and true piety, men of great sympathy, men of zeal and prudence, men actuated by the purest and loftiest motives. Well, I account for the increased activity on the part of the Episcopal Church, mainly from the action of dissenters. Churches, as men, are more or less creatures of circumstances. Comparison or rivalry is a great awakening power, a mighty progressive force. Put a nation so far in advance of all other nations, in military or industrial or literary power, that it has no rival anywhere, and that nation will not march forward very fast or very long, if it march at all. There may be in it mighty possibilities, unknown reserves of force; but the possibility will remain a possibility, and not become a reality—the reserve will not be utilized until circumstances make it a dire necessity. Dissent had long been growing into a great power in England, steadily deepening and spreading; the seed becoming a tree, the tree a mighty forest, stretching up the hill side and covering the plain for many a league. The members of it were members from intelligent conviction, and had to suffer many things for their faith's sake. Its ministers were tempted to the work by no glitter of social position or worldly goods. They brought at first but little increase to the polemical power of the age. They were not very skilful to seize and bring up the subtle points of a doctrine. They were well content with worldly poverty, and felt "passing rich on forty pounds a year;" but they were true men, with a great thought in the mind and a great love in the heart. Greek was Greek to most of them, and Hebrew as mysterious as the language of the angels; but they knew Jesus Christ as the world's redeemer; they knew how deep and desperate are the wants and woes of man; they knew what sin, and sorrow on account of it, meant; they knew how hard are the ways of holiness, and so could sympathise with the struggling

and the frail; they knew how mighty is the power of prayer to cleave the heavens and prevail with God. They spoke the language of the soul, that needs no grace of diction or flowers of rhetoric, to find its way to the conscience, but carries a burning thought straight into the heart, as an arrow shot into an oak, and quivering long with force unspent. Such men could not be obscure long; the cause they helped by life and speech could not be repressed by scorn or contempt, or fire or sword. A man with a heart in him will multiply himself in spite of the church, the world, the flesh and the devil. When a true man arises, with a thought and purpose from on high—a gospel charioteer, driving into the world with his burden of reproof and truth-telling--standing up in the midst of the crowd with his sermon on Christ, and him crucified, philosophy may be scornful, wealth may be haughty, indifference may laugh, phariseeism may superciliously gather up its garments and pass by on the other side; but he will prevail, and have three thousand converts in a day. He will not find popularity, perhaps, for the world is ever slow to recognise and own its benefactors; he will not find the patronage of the great and the rich; but he will find the "well done" of heaven, which is better than a kingly crown. Oh! no; if a great heart is beating in thy bosom, inflamed with love to God and men; if there is a true thought in thy mind, then speak it out; but look not for green laurels and ringing plaudits, the world will only cheer its kindred. If there be not that love in the heart and that thought in the mind, then seek not this office of the teacher and the preacher—there are sorrows and pains in it.

"Thou must prepare thine ears to hear the noise
Of counsellors threatening; or the foolish voice
Of ignorant reprovers.
Thou must provide thyself to hear great Lords
Talk, without reason, big, imperious words.
Thou must contented be to make repair,
If need require, before the Scorner's chair;
To hear them jeer and flout, and take in hand
To scoff at what they do not understand:
Or to say, perhaps, that of thyself thou makest some goodly thing;
Or that thou undertakest above thy calling;
Or unwarranted—
Not heeding from whose mouth it hath been said,
God's wisdom oft elects what men despise,
And foolish things to foil the worldly wise."

Such was dissent at first, and the power of it was great. By and bye it could lay claim to culture and scholarly attainment, all the time maintaining its ancient earnestness. The square, red brick meeting-house, with its regulation two rows of windows was here and there suuperseded by the sanctuary in Gothic or Corinthian style. Its ministry found a way to the intelligence of the cultivated as well as to the heart of the ruder, and the Episcopal Church awoke at last to find that well nigh half the nation had turned from her stately frigidity to the warmer and more humanizing influences the dissenters had brought to bear upon the heart and conscience of them all. Human nature is loyal to the light when it comes. Man turns to love to live in the light of it as truly as the flowers in spring lift up their heads to the sun to catch its light and receive the kiss that paints its petals. And thank God the good example was not lost. She shook off the fatal lithargy and came forth with a wonderful vigor. She is at work now, and I am glad. For surely this activity, though marked by many deplorable excesses, many wanderings in some quarters from what we regard as the true faith and a Protestant ritual, is better a thousand fold than the old indifference and worldliness when the clergymen left the defences of the fold unwatched, broken down, and the sheep exposed to the fierce onslaught of the prowling lion and the wolf.

I have fairly and fully granted that the Episcopal Church is to-day a working church—a church marked by great activity. The old icy and aristocratic indifference is gone, banished, to be never recalled I think. But the assertion forces from me this remark—while the Episcopal Church is full of energy, is greatly in earnest and greatly active, it cannot by half meet the spiritual demands of the nation. Considered merely as one of the christian churches of the land, the largest, but only one of them, and there can be no complaint on this score. But considered as a state church, it is an anomaly. How far my reasoning may be correct you must judge—but to me it seems that a national church should have room for the nation in it. Accommodation for all, if all should be inclined to go. Every parishoner in the parish has a right to go to the parish church. What if everyone should choose to act upon that right? Then, it seems to me, a national church should have a place in it for men of every variety of creed. Honest men, I mean, who will not subscribe to one creed and then preach and practice quite another. There are thousands of Unitarians in the land; English men and

women, true citizens who pay taxes, obey the laws, and uphold the constitution, but there is no place for them in the state church. A vast number object to the ritual of the Episcopal church, they deny the truth of many of its doctrines, and there is no place in the state church for them. A majority cannot, without injustice, force a form of faith upon a minority. If twenty construct a creed and force it upon ten they do that ten a wrong. Let the twenty take the creed they have formulated, and live and die by it if they can, but let them not compel the ten to support the teacher of it. If there is to be a state church, justice cannot be done unless there is room in it for men of every shade and variety of creed. By that I mean you are forced by law of equity into concurrent endowment or none at all. Unless all churches are equally favoured by state, by levelling up or levelling down, some churches must suffer wrong or be denied the just rights of citizenship. Concurrent endowment is dead in England and buried out of sight; a stone lies upon the mouth of the sepulchre which no earthly power can roll away. One church alone stands high in the nation, fed with milk and honey, receiving pay for *all* the work, and doing less than half of it. The state has favoured only this her first born son, and though other children have been born to her, quite as loyal, loving and true, as ready to expend their money and the best blood in their veins on her behalf, she has spurned them one by one, thrusting them forth into the wilderness to live as best they can, or starve and die of hunger and of cold. Mother state is unnatural, cold toward many of her children, and unkind, and the elder brother at home, though sometimes he has been heard to express love for other members of the family, and pity, never has been known to offer them a share of his goodly meal. The non-conformists ask no reversal of positions, they would not share the goods if they could—they only ask that each and all of them shall go forth alike, undowried and unfavoured, to do their holy work of faith and love, firmly trusting in their people and their God.

Another prominent feature in the Episcopal Church to day is the change of doctrinal views that have been very rapidly brought about. A mighty revolution is going on in the church, and from her spreading to other churches. The old hard Calvanism, so stilted and so cold, so hard and haughty in its ways, has been attacked in its very stronghold. Such men as archdeacon Hare, and Dennison Maurice, and Robertson of Brighton, have done

much to soften down the hard lines of the old theology and clear away the gloom that hung about the fair and shining face of our holy religion. They spoke of the atonement as having been necessary to the saving of man, but that there was no wrath in God to be appeased by the shedding of innocent blood. They said: Love immortal and eternal brooded over the heart of every Adam's son. The light was there for all, and only man was blind. The death of Christ was not for the bringing down of God, but for the bringing up of man; not to soften the heart of the father, but to awake the prodigal from his fatal slumber, and send him repentant to his home again. That teaching has been powerful to convince and convert; it has stirred the pulse of hosts of christians and caused the heart to thrill with a newer joy.

The doctrine of the real presence has come forth also to challenge popular attention. This is not new to us; our fathers fought a desperate fight against it centuries ago. It was a potent cause of popular superstition and ecclesiastical tyranny. They said: by the agency of the priest, the bread and the wine cease to be bread and wine, but are the very body and blood of Christ. The priests alone partook of this, and the poor befooled people bowed down in worship. Certain of the English clergy are trying might and main to bring that folly back again, but they will not succeed. They may cajole and impose upon a few sentimental and foolish men and women, but England is too thoroughly protestant, has too sturdy a hate of the old time superstition, ever again to bow the knee to gods that hear not, and see not, and are not gods at all. They cannot do now with the narrow prison houses of superstition, where priestly hands have traced forms of liberty upon the walls wherewith to mock them. The bread and wine they take as a remembrancer of Him who loved them and died for them and rose again, that they, the unjust, might come to God. They take the dear memorial of His dying, and cling to His cross for life and heaven. They eat the bread and call to mind His broken body and the wherefore; they drink of the cup and think of the shed blood which bought for them salvation. He is their Saviour and great high priest, but they see *Him* not in bread and wine any more than we see Him in shining star and fragrant flower, but the bread and wine are in remembrance of Him crucified. There is an attempt to set up the confessional too, a thing of which I find it difficult to speak with calmness or moderation. It was one of Rome's most diabolical inventions. It

was an instrument of priestly tyranny and popular degradation. If that should come again, then good by to the sacredness of home, to the trust of father and mother and daughter and son, good by to the joy of the hearthstone, good by to the music of home, good by to the friendship of friends and the natural trust of true lovers. But it will not come, I am sure it will not. The heart and conscience and mind of England are against it. If certain clergymen have no more regard for their morals than to seek to make their ear a sewer into which all the filth of the parish shall be poured, the people have more delicacy than to tell their secret thoughts and deeds. Never again will the priest have power to come, in the name of the church, between the man and the wife, the mother and the daughter, in England. Our fathers groaned long and suffered mightily under this monstrous thing, and the men who seek to bring it back again are enemies of our domestic peace, enemies of our hearths and homes, enemies of our church and our religion. Of this I am sure, that in none but a most degraded and superstitious society can such an infamous institution be tolerated. It invades the sacred privacy of life, it makes a man's wife and children and servants its constant spies and accusers. When any church shall stand in need of such a social immorality, depend upon it that church is irrecoverably diseased and fast hastening to its end.

What this strange outbreak of ritualism in the Episcopal church may mean, we can scarcely tell. In the service there is an aping of Rome; many posterings and genuflexions; swinging of censors and burning of candles; varied and sundry articles of dress; turnings toward the rising and the setting sun. That they are not original but borrowed from Rome is plain, but the wherfore of it all, I think, the Ritualists themselves have not quite decided. By some, I have no doubt, it is intended as the best form of public worship by which the priest may magnify his office. I believe that very much of the ritualism of the day arises from a fatal craving on the part of the clergy for more spiritual power over the minds of the people. It is a development of clerical ambition. They are not content to be simple teachers of the people, their brethren in truth-seeking, and truth-living, and sympathy; but they crave superiority and power, which if granted, will end in ecclesiastical despotism. On that account I regard this ritualism and sacramentarianism with feelings of alarm. Priestly domination has ever been a scourge, and ever must be so; and unless they would have back the old times when the clerics

were kings in the land, ruling the consciences of the people with a rod of iron, and smiting the nation down to the darkness of ignorance and superstition; they must look well after their simplicity of worship, and see that they are not led to Rome by so-called protestants. Others of the ritualists see in it but a form of worship attractive and popular; the introduction of a sensuous element into the public service. They imagine that the church is losing its hold upon the people, and must regain it by setting up some novelty, as a pushing tradesman advertises his wares and makes his shop attractive to the eye. So they burn candles at mid-day, burn incense before the altar, sing florid music, have many changes in the service, and banish all simplicity. If that is all, it is simply a very questionable mode of filling a church, and I doubt if the heart and the conscience can be reached that way. There must, of course, be a form, there must be some appeal to the senses; it is meet to stand to sing, and kneel in prayer, and sit to listen. It is impossible to have service without ritual, and I have sometimes thought that a short liturgy to occupy part of the service, leaving room for an extempore prayer, is a great help both to the people and to the minister. It is almost superfluous for any Englishman to say that I have a profound admiration for the simple but sublime liturgy of the Episcopal church. In most other protestant churches too much is left for the minister to do, and too little for the people. Yet there is danger in a liturgy, for it becomes stereotyped; the people get to know it too well, to say it and not feel it; it sinks down into dull routine, and dull routine imperils the life of any church; for men live by changes and develope by the surprises which nature and God are ever springing upon them. Fresh scenes enkindle fresh thoughts; new experiences create new emotions, and man rises ever from high to higher.

I am not prophet enough to foretell what will be the future of the Episcopal Church of England. It seems to me that circumstances are all on her side, and her destiny is largely in her own hands. She has a magnificent organization, based on ancient usage and the gathered facts of men's experience as to their own wants. She has given England its literature, and holds as proud a position to-day as she has ever done. She has great orators whom all men delight to honour. As a church she has the attachment of almost half the English nation, and the reverence of almost all of it. But if she would reach her true position, if she would achieve her

great destiny, she must do a work of reform by putting away many things. She must put away her old pride and haughtiness, and learn to recognize and love her fellow christians who do not use her liturgy or conform to her ritual. Her claim to apostolical succession is a figment and a folly, and no more possible, as a law for the church, than an equivalent theory would be in the world of art. The inspiration flows into the soul from the laying on of God's hands alone, and not from any fixed methods of human confederation. The Almighty has not followed a method for distributing his grace as men follow a method for bringing water to the city from the hills. It comes as the abundant rain comes, it falls on the mountain slopes, it runs down to the plains in rills of silvery hue and song, it combines in streams and rivers, it hides under ground and bubbles up in fountains; now the mighty stream floods all its channels, now it leaves the old worn beds to cut new ways for its leaping music, and again it will burst up in fresh districts to gladden the ground with beauty. No perfectness of organization or power of wealth, or ancient claim, can command the spirit of anointing; it comes not through rituals, or bishops, or councils, or creeds, but as the wind, hiding the secret of whence and whither.

One other thing the Episcopal Church of England must do if she is going to take her righful place and do her rightful work. She must put away state patronage and state control, the endowment and the protection are not a help, but a hindrance: a yoke upon her neck, and a fetter upon her hands. She has nothing to lose by disestablishment and disendowment, but everything to gain. She will lose a crutch and gain in strength of limb; she wil lose vexatious exactions, the interference of politicians who have small regard for piety and great regard for party victory. She will lose a false honour and gain a real glory. She may lose a few ritualists—which would be no substantial loss—but she would draw to herself, I most firmly believe, many of the eloquent preachers and scholarly laymen of other denominations; she would break down for ever the barrier now existing between herself and the kindred churches of the land, and she will have done what is of far more importance than all considerations of prudence and policy, far before the church and all churches; she will have done RIGHT.

It will come, this disestablishment and disendowment. Not yet, I hope, not yet. They do not yet know how to grapple with the details of the subject. Disestablishment would be easy enough, but

disendowment is an intricate and difficult matter; and it should be approached neither in anger nor in haste, but with judicial calmness and stern regard to what is just and fair. There are many dead to think of, whole hosts of pious ancestors, and it is a hard matter to get at them to know what they meant; and there are hosts of living to be consulted. The establishment is not a new thing, it is an ancient thing and venerable. It has lived long, and in great part lived most mighty well. It has played a conspicuous part in the nation's history. The bead roll of Episcopal church worthies is long, and many of the names writ there will shine more and more as the ages pass into the perfect day. She has nursed England's large hearted and devoted patriots; at her altars have ministered a host of saintly men; from her pulpits great orators with burning zeal have spoken out their message of rebuke and truth-telling; our book shelves are crowded with the literature of her brave, wise, and learned, sons. And though age is no reason for living, surely it is no reason for destruction. The establishment is old and venerable withal, and should command veneration. But while I respect a sentiment of this sort, while I honour it as proof of tenderness in man, I would not have it debar me, or other men, from an act of justice. For there is not a single wrong in existence that is not old, and that many do not love. Did n't South America love slavery, and give the north something more than a hint of her sentiment? Wasn't Roman Catholicism an ancient thing and venerable? Had there not been a time when she fearlessly declared the truth; had she not again and again interposed between the tyrant and his vassels; was there not a time when the haughty, spoiling, murderous baron stayed his hand at her word, and the poor man dared in her presence assert his rights; was there not a time when she led the van of human progress, and was the mother of all civilization; when her preachers were bold and eloquent; her writers bold and learned; her common people bold and good? And yet, because perversions had come, shadows and bars of blackness; priestly despotism grinding down the mind and conscience of the people; papal insolence daring to stand between the soul of man and God, because of that though the holy pope took to hard praying and swearing; though cardinals and bishops did set up a most pitiful whine; though from end to end of christendom was wailed forth the soft, pathetic notes of that old song: "Woodman, spare that tree." Luther and his brave compeers hacked away at

the withered thing, with hard blows and manly shouting. Yes, I would have men regard sentiment, as far as possible, and deal tenderly with the object of it, but there is one sentiment deeper, broader, mightier than all others—it is the great sentiment of *justice.*

Events are bringing about the disestablishment and disendowment of the English Church in a manner wonderful for its decisiveness and rapidity. The non-conformists were for long the chief and only promoters of it; but now the ritualists have taken it out of their hands. They are in open revolt against the public worship regulation act, and in some way or other will set themselves free. The people, too, are anxious to heal the great rift which has gone through the country, dividing men and filling them with bitterness. England's heart is set to do right, and she will do it. The nation is rising to the idea of a free church in a free state. Englishmen see that the Episcopal Church of Canada and elsewhere is free and flourishing, and they say: "Why not in England?" And many of the clergy are asking: "Why not be free? What need of ours bishops in the House of Lords? Why be subject to the meddling of politicians, who, for the most part, care nothing for the church? The people love us; let us cast ourselves upon that strong affection." And they will do it: in a little while perhaps, or after long; but they will do it, and the church will stand forth free—free to do with more vigor and efficiency her holy work for men and God—free to co-operate with other churches without scorn or bitterness—free as to faith and form of worship; every pious soul within her gates a brave "defender of the faith:" and then, religious England will rise up in peace and thankfulness, and lift up the shout of joy and prayer, which we will echo back, "God bless the great enfranchised church—God save our Queen!"

THE PURITAN CHURCH.

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The old historian Quintus Curtius tells that in certain seasons of the year Bactria was darkened by whirlwinds of dust, which completely covered and concealed all the roads; left thus without their usual landmarks the travellers used to wait until the stars shone out to light them on their dim and perilous way. These are days of great confusion in little things; much fighting the air, and at times bewilderment, for theologic, and other forms of controversy, have whirled the dust in clouds along and obscured the pathway from our sight. It is well to imitate the example of the Bactrians, ceasing to look for a little upon the confusions of the day, and turning our gaze upon the great and good and brave of the past, seek guidance from their shining light. For history is a compound of poetry and philosophy. It teaches great general truths and principles of life by a representation of characters and events. But how to present the poetry and philosophy together so that the picture shall be at once truthful and attractive, informing to the mind and moving to the fancy; correct as a map, yet beautiful as a landscape painting; how to make the bare hard lines of history pleasing to the imagination without running into historical romance, has always been the master difficulty with writers and with speakers. It is my difficulty to-night. I want to give exact information, and at the same time present moving scenes to the imagination. I want to play the part of sculptor, giving to the eye express and lively images of some mean, and some magnificent, forms which moved along the stage of past life; and at the same time to play the part of anatomist, dissecting the subject, the mean and the magnificent alike, to its inmost recesses, and laying bare the springs of action, the causes of life or decay. I have to state historical facts and to indulge in manifold speculations; and the task is not easy, I find, but I will do it as best I can. And the task is pleasant if hard, for where you deal with great men you move in great times, and follow the lines of a history which for long continues to be fruitful in mighty practical lessons for all the living. The heroes of one age stimulate whole genera-

tions following to high heroic action. The biographies of earth's true-hearted men—who lived in stormy and passionate devotion to justice and truth—who upheld the cause of humanity against humanity—who were mighty to do and to suffer, counting nor comfort nor life dear unto them—those biographies are great armories, wherein stout weapons may be forged, by which great battles may be fought and won.

The history of faith's conquests did not cease to be written when that eleventh chapter of the epistle to the Hebrews was done. Since then, "by faith" many a Noah has "prepared an ark to the saving of his house"—many an Abraham has gone forth to pitch his tent and build his altar in a land of strangers, "looking for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God"—many a noble Moses has turned his back upon this world's wealth and ease and fain choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God. Men by the might of faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness men made strong, waxed valiant to fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens.

Let us not forget those mighty men, our fathers. They wrought hard—we are reaping the fruit of their labour. They fought right manfully for a pure faith, for freedom of thought and speech,—they broke ecclesiastical fetters, threw down ecclesiastical prison houses, put priestly despotism at peril, and built a protestant rampart round the land which defies the gathered forces of popery, as the rock bound coast of the British Isles defies the dashing of the fierce Atlantic wave. They were stern men, hard of speech and grim in doing—much light in them, but not much swarthiness—had a theology and a way of dealing with despots that was somewhat harsh perhaps—but what would you? would you have a vesper hymn from the cannon's throat? or the song of a thrush from an eagle? would you choose a surgeon's delicate lancet to hew down a forest of trees? would you have the tints of the rainbow in the ribs of a mountain? Strength and beauty are doubtless necessary to perfection, but the strength alone is sometimes needed when stern work has to be done. The puritan fathers were not ideal men. I shall not hold them up as exemplars of all greatness. In many things the best of them were lacking. No man since Jesus Christ has been such an exemplar. He lacked nothing to a complete and perfect man-

hood, but the greatest of his disciples has not reached to the full stature of the master. Humanity reveals itself in fragments—one man is the embodiment of one kind of excellence, another of another. Achilles wins the victory and Homer immortalises it. Blake conquers on the sea, and Cromwell on the land, and Milton tells the story of them both. They were stern men those puritans, at a time when stern men were needed—the work they did stern men only could have done.

The merits of the English reformation were many and great. It was right in declaring the Roman Church, with all its clergy and cardinals and popes, no more inspired than other men, and therefore no more fit than others to keep traditions, expound scriptures and keep the keys of heaven. It was right in declaring that by reason of her prejudice and sloth and ambition and crime she had grieved away the Spirit of God and forfeited all right to man's allegiance or reverence. It was right in exposing the false doctrines and wicked practices of that Church, its arrogance and pride. It was right in demanding liberty of conscience, an open Bible and the right to interpret it; to have the sacraments in full; to reject relics and the power of saints, allowing nothing to stand between the soul of the sinner and the love of the Saviour. The reformation was right in demanding the emancipation of thought, and reason, and judgment from ecclesiastical trammels and priestly tyrranny. It was right in refusing to have the public conscience taxed; the form of worship and false doctrines prescribed; but it is plain that the form that reformation took was not favorable to the growth of religion or political liberty. It was a great step to get back from the pope to the Bible, and freedom of conscience, and good sense in the exposition of it. Wonders were wrought in the land—the magicians in the church were confounded and overthrown. But it had only left Egypt to wander in the wilderness; carrying the sanctuary, the ark, and the table of the law; sometimes sighing after the leaks and garlics left behind; now and then worshipping a calf of gold the king had set up, or trusting an empty word the king had spoken. The church had but changed popes—Clement of Rome for Henry VIII of England. If the system which the founders of the Church of England adopted could have been made permanent (and but for the sturdy puritans it would have been) the reformation, politically, would have been a national curse rather than a national good. It looked at first as if the English had only broken one yoke in pieces to put

on another; had only dethroned one despot to enthrone another. But it could not be; the first step taken, and the second was inevitable. It was not likely that the people could free themselves from an ancient bondage, and then submit themselves to a bondage of a day's growth. From the earliest days of childhood they had been taught to own the pope's supremacy; to regard him as Christ's Vicar upon earth; to give their conscience into the keeping of the church, and listen with reverence to all the priest should say. That illusion had been scattered by the breath of Luther and his followers; by a mighty effort they had wrenched themselves away from the monstrous lie they had believed and loved; and now, having done a part, they were commanded to stay the hand and do no more. They were asked to exchange the intolerance of Rome for the intolerance of the Protestant. They were applauded for removing the crucifix, but would be persecuted if they laid a finger on the surplice. But though civil government and its ministers—who at heart were Romish still, chose to halt midway—the people had no such purpose. Individuals had passed out of the gloom and bondage of Egypt and caught glimpses of a land flowing with milk and honey there away beyond, and went back to lead their many brethren out.

The history of the rise of great religious differences is always a strange one, and full of lessons, which few are wise enough to learn, and fewer still to practice. The differences among the English protestants that gave birth to the puritan party have been repeated a thousand times since. There were men dissenting stoutly from almost all christendom, yet holding it a sin, and criminal offence, that any should dissent from them. They demanded freedom of conscience, yet refused to grant it; declaimed against persecution, yet piled on the fagot and set the rack to work; they removed the images and said "enough, the vestments shall remain"; they made a general appeal to reason when they abolished the censer and the incense, but reason was no more sought after, only ecclesiastical authority when the puritans demanded still further changes. It wouldn't be difficult to find some excuse for that imperious NO which rang out from church and state on the ears of iconoclastic puritans. For fifteen centuries or more the church was supposed to be under the special and immediate guidance of the holy spirit. Ecclesiastical decisions as to all points of Biblical interpretation and forms of ritual were controlled by divinity itself, so error there could not be. The reformation swept

that theory out of Germany and England. But somehow there obtained among the clergy and the laity a confused notion that theology was a fixed truth, not to be questioned, scarcely to be discussed. But there were men who would question, and dispute, and often deny the truth of great and venerable doctrines. And some, wise in their own eyes, claimed for themselves what they had denied to the church, infallibility in the interpretation of the Bible. They were intolerant upon principle and persecuted those who differed from them in the name of Truth. Then the state had to interfere on behalf of peace; for the state had taken the place of the pope, and, while making no pretensions to divine guidance, enacted a body of formulas in matters of religious belief beyond which none might pass. So articles of religion were passed into statute laws of the realm. Men more or less wise, and more or less good, did, in convocation in the year 1562, draw up 39 articles and compose a prayer book, the articles to be, from henceforth, the national expression of faith, and the book, the national form of worship. And then it came to be that quite young men, of little sober thought, and less experience, were called upon to enter the ministry by pledging themselves to a long series of intricate and difficult propositions of abstruse divinity; they undertook never to waver or doubt, never to allow the mind to be shaken by any contrary wind of doctrine. But the state had assumed a function she was not fitted to discharge; it was usurpation and folly when she assumed the headship of the church. She fell into an ancient blunder at once, trying to steroetype the ever-changing forms of religious belief. The man—who in obedience to a council of the Church of Rome, or the convocation and parliament of the Church of England, or the synod of the church of Scotland, or any other body, assuming to be representative and authoritative, shall undertake never to waver or doubt in matters of religious belief, simply pledges himself never to enquire, never to examine for one moment the foundations of his faith, never to hear and heed the great strong voices which rise from the sad deeps of his own nature, never to make progress possible for himself or other men—he promises what he has no right to promise, what he should sooner die than promise, to give up his own manhood. But the man who does make that promise is at once turned into an instrument of oppression and tyranny. Men who bind themselves to a set and changeless formula of faith, be it the edict of a lateran council, or

the 39 articles of Episcopacy, or the Westminster confession of Presbyterianism, do at once put on more or less of intolerance and bigotry. For they hold, not that each form of belief is an approximation to the truth, but that their form of belief is the whole truth itself—not that the conceptions of the relations of man to man, and of man to God, may change, *must* change, with the growth of ages—but that their conception is the right one, and therefore permanent. And they become intolerant of any attempt to break away, and will rule as despots if they can. It is no more true of one church than of all the churches which have tried to stereotype their creed. On that account the Roman catholics persecuted the christians of the Vaudois valleys and of the Netherlands, and the protestants of England; and the Episcopal Church persecuted the catholics and the puritans, and the puritans persecuted the quakers. On that account see the dividing lines here among us: the Catholic priest gathers up his petticoat of dark stuff and passes by, not deigning a glance at his Protestant fellow citizen, who pays most of his taxes for him; and the Presbyterian has built a dead wall between himself and the Unitarian; and the Baptist has dug great and wide trenches and filled them with water to keep off all the world. You shall find many a protestant non-conformist dissenting stoutly from all the christians extant in this world of ours; a Calvinist dissenting from Calvin in most things, a protestant dissenting from nine-tenths of protestantism, and yet he will persecute a brother who shall differ just a bit from him. This is it: I hold a creed, result of early education, or in some points I have wrought it out for myself; and there I take my stand, holding that this which I have got is finality for myself and all other men. I marvel that all men do not see as I see, and mock at those who walk in old ways regardful of old landmarks. I call them on, and a few respond. One earnest soul seems sweeping past, denying that I have reached finality and found the all of truth, and I cry: "hold friend, you are wrong to dissent from me; you must not dissent from me; I shall call you hard names if you do; I shall throw stones at you if you do; have a care; I hold it as a duty to save you from the sin of heresy." Yes, that is it. The Roman Catholic Church said that; and the Episcopal Church of England said that; the Puritans in turn said it; Nonconforming churches often say it to their ministers now. What is the remedy? Why, put away your ecclesiasticism, your despotism, your pride—look the difficulties in the face—let each take his manhood, respect-

ing the manful rights of every other, and exercise that charity which never faileth.

In the time of Edward, protestantism began to be divided into two parties. There was the Lutheran party of moderate reformers, too intent on building a new system of dogmatic theology to spend much time and energy in the work of changing forms and ceremonies, so the crucifixes and images, the tapers and priestly vestments, continued to be used. On the other side was the Calvinistic party of ardent reformers, hating all these things as popish idolatry and superstition. The reign of Mary healed it for a time, for they had to make common cause against their ancient foe. But the breach grew into a wide gulph while Elizabeth was Queen. Calvin had dogmatised on the shores of the lake of Geneva, and John Knox, the giant Scot, from the ancient town of Frankfort, had sent thunder rolling over Europe. Elizabeth opposed the pope's supremacy well enough, but was greatly in love with many a Romish superstition, and had faith in a gorgeous form of worship. She grew angry when the real presence was denied, and was often praying to the Virgin Mary. But the great battle was fought over images, and the crucifix and lighted tapers, and on account of such small things the puritans arose. Small things they were when looked at superficially, but if you will look a little deeper you will find that tremendous issues were involved. The puritan party was at first a purely religious party, and the battle they fought was the battle of the reformation. The old religion, with its forms and faiths, had not been forgotten by the people. If it had, and Rome had ceased to be dangerous, we might condemn the captious spirit of the puritans. But Rome had not ceased to be dangerous, and would not, while the people were taught the old faith and the old ceremony. The lurking priests, who were protestants in nothing save the name, had a great advantage while the ceremonies remained unchanged. There were the old images, the old vestments, the tapers burning on the altars as of yore, and any day might come that fatal relapse which should place the nation again under the yoke of Rome. The sign of the cross in baptism may in itself be a harmless and a decorous thing, but what if that sign is one of the most striking superstitions in the Church of Rome, what if while it is but an empty sign and can do no good to child or sponsor, it may keep alive the old superstition and foster a clinging to the dark things that once reigned in the heart and conscience; why, then, it

is better that the sign of the cross should be done away. It is no use lopping a branch or two from the deadly upas tree, the axe must be laid to the root of it, and the destruction of it made sure. Half measures will end in failure when you have such a gigantic evil as popery to deal with. You cannot banish that by gentle means. You cannot *persuade* it to go, plead you never so persistently. It would laugh behind its strong ramparts at a whole nation on its knees. Again and again has it been found that it can only be driven forth at the sword's point. So the puritans fought not over tapers and vestments and images, but against the deadly principle those things did signify and embody, and against the superstition and those things fostered and kept alive. Small things those vestments and images—how can they hurt or hinder? Oh, yes, they are small things in themselves, but what do they signify? that is the question. If you had been travelling some years ago on the European Continent, and had gone to the City of Strasbourg, you would have found the French flag flying from cathedral, tower, and rampart. If you go there now the German flag is seen instead. A small thing that, only a different coloured rag. No, it is not a small thing. That change of rag means that the people have passed under another government; are French no longer, but a part of the German Empire. So the ritual of a Church, as to vestments, may be a small thing in itself, but its signification is important. Does it mean an acknowledgment of Rome or Lambeth? That is the question. A change of garments may indicate a change of church authority. And while that is so the garments must be looked after. The Puritans did that. They stood manfully up for a thorough reformation, no half measures nor truckling policy; for a pure faith and simple ritual; for freedom of faith and of worship; for man's inalienable right to approach the mercy seat of God, and in the name of Christ make confession of his sins; to offer for himself his sacrifice of a broken and a contrite heart, and hear for himself the divine absolute. The puritans asserted the reality and importance of religious principle as against formulas and badges. Hitherto the people had been mocked with empty forms and hollow creeds; they hungered desperately, and the priests came with two hands full of husks; they thirsted, and were led to the slimy waters of baptismal regeneration; they wanted the pillar of fire to lead them through the night, and the priest came bearing a lighted taper. And it seemed as if the Reformation would be only the name of the thing; as if the Church was

only to be re-christened, not cleansed—painted in patches, but not purified; and the brave puritans said, "of this we have had more than enough; stand aside with your flickering torch-light and let God's pillar of fire shine out; let the priest put away the surplice, and put on salvation as a garment; away with empty forms and worn out creeds, and give us *life* that the people may take it and live. We ask not for show, for sound, and for pleasure to the senses, we ask for reality. 'A living dog is better than a dead lion.'"

The English Reformation had produced no Luther, Calvin, Zwingle or Knox—no man of vast imperial soul, who could impart to the national mind the impress of his own character, or leave behind him the heritage of his religious creed. No stirring appeals went forth to the masses of mankind such as awoke the echoes of the press and the pulpit of Germany and France and Switzerland. From the papal to the royal supremacy, from the legislative to the archiepiscopal powers, from the Roman missal to the Anglican liturgy, the transition was easy. The English Church, having warred somewhat successfully against the Church of Rome, now withdrew her arms from thence and turned them against the dissenters within her own borders. Suspecting, it seems, her magnificent resources of piety, genius and learning, she grasped the illegitimate weapons of civil power to enforce a general and absolute conformity. In the first year of Queen Elizabeth the Act of Uniformity was passed, which gave her, as monarch, full powers in all concerns ecclesiatical; and in the last clause but one it was enacted "that all ornaments for churches and the ministers thereof shall remain as they were in the second year of Edward VI." That was the great civil effort to stop the progress of the Reformation, and to crush the genius of protestantism. The ministers of the state were tardy in doing the work of law, however, and nonconformity made way. Made way in a most unpleasant and alarming manner, in the opinion of the rough-handed daughter of Henry, and she wrote a characteristic letter to Parker, and through him to all the bishops, enjoining them to begin the work of enforcing uniformity. But among the clergy were many men of honest scruple and tender conscience; they hated the cap and the surplice, because they were badges of Rome,—and while the majority of the London clergy complied with the order to wear them, others would not, and suffered the loss of preferments and social position. Sampson, dean of Christ church, and Humphrey, president of Magdalen college, Oxford, were summoned before the

ecclesiastical commission and required to conform in the use of the cap and the surplice; and though they wrote a most submissive petition declaring the honest scruples they had, declaring that to restore the Roman ceremonies was to put the dear and hard-bought liberty of the people in peril—was to risk being led back to the ancient darkness of superstition—yet the intolerant state church left them no alternatives but the surrender of their convictions or their places. Like true men, they held to their convictions and let their places go. Elizabeth could brook no opposition to her imperious will, and grew not merely firm, but fierce. And her fire set the nation in a blaze which it cost great seas of England's best blood to quench. If the queen and her party were in earnest, so were the puritans. They had tasted liberty, and would not lightly give it up. Only cravens will. They suffered persecution, and, as of old, their bonds were made manifest in all places, and by those bonds the gospel of a free conscience made great conquest. It was not simply in matters of dress they refused to conform; it began there, and went further. They took exception to the Book of Common Prayer, to many of its ceremonies—especially that of baptism, and churching of women, and music from organs. Then they attacked the discipline of the church, and even episcopaey itself, and, most strongly, the lordly and temporal power of the bishops, and the ordination and imposition of ministers upon the parishes. So that the war became one of great principles, involving to each side most tremendous issues. It was a war of giants, each side fought with enduring obstinacy, and for a time it seemed as if each was invincible. Elizabeth fought with a hard rough hand, not for the church, but for herself. She cared for the church just as civil rulers have always cared for it—as an instrument of power, and no more. She robbed the church to fill her own exchequer, and made a multitude of livings so poor that to this day, Queen Anne's bounty notwithstanding, many an English clergyman is doomed to a respectable poverty, which is only slow starvation; while a few clergymen, and all the bishops, roll in unearned wealth. That is one great blessing which accrues from state patronage and control. Some getting rich on patronage and others starving on intellect and piety.

The restraints and penalties by which civil governments have at various times thought it expedient to limit the religious liberty of its subjects may easily be traced and pointed out. First, there comes the test of conformity to the established religion as the condition of

exercising offices of civil trust; then the restraint upon the free promulgation of those differing opinions; then the prohibition of the open exercise of worship; then the prohibition is extended to private acts of worship and expressions of opinion; and last of all, the enforcement by legal penalties of conformity to the established church, its form of worship, and formulas of faith. Through all those stages the puritans had to pass. They underwent confiscation, imprisonment, exile, compulsory silence, everything except conviction. Laws were passed forbidding the puritan ministers to preach, or even call the people to worship in a private house. The act of uniformity banished them from town and city, from home and friends. The press was used to libel and denounce them. The shepherd was torn from his flock, and went weeping into exile. The prudent, obstinate, masculine Elizabeth persecuted them without a sign of relenting or remorse. That beduped and befooled James I., who was only a tool in the hands of others, persecuted them still more, but under Charles I, most fickle and most false of all England's kings, the party war flamed fiercely from end to end of England. Speaking of that time, Macauley says: "The puritans were persecuted with cruelty worthy of the holy office. They were forced to fly from the country. They were imprisoned. Their noses were slit. They were whipped. Their ears were cut off. Their cheeks were branded with red hot iron. But the cruelty of the oppressor could not tire out the fortitude of the victims. The mutilated defenders of liberty again defied the vengeance of the star chamber, came back with undiminished resolution to the place of their glorious infancy, and manfully presented the stump of their ear to be grubbed out by the hangman's knife. The hardy sect grew up and flourished in spite of everything that seemed likely to stunt it, struck its roots deep into a barren soil, and spread its branches wide to an inclement sky. The multitude thronged round Prynne in the pillory with more respect than they paid Mainwaring in the pulpit, and treasured up the rags which the blood of Burton had soaked, with a veneration such as mitres and surplices had ceased to inspire." That eloquent tribute by the great historian and essayist is none too great, for those puritans did most marvellous things, creating a mighty age. Year after year and for generation after generation, they went on waging an untiring war against every form of civil or ecclesiastical despotism. They bore the anathemas of bishops and the wrath of kings, the rush and sweep of armies. At

one time convinced that England could no longer offer an asylum to free men, and not encouraged by the state of things in Europe, turned their eyes to the newly discovered lands lying beyond the Atlantic, in which they could find shelter from a present tyranny, and a boundless prospect for future hope. And the "Mayflower," with her small but hardy band set out in search for "freedom to worship God." Others followed in the following years; men of higher social rank; men of capacious minds and commanding intellects; men formed to lead and legislate. And others would have gone, the wise and cautious Lord Saye—the acknowledged chief of the independent sect—the brave, open and enthusiastic lord Brook; Sir Arthur Haslerig; Hampden, ashamed of a country for whose rights he had fought alone; and Cromwell, panting with energies he could neither control nor explain, and whose unconquerable fire was still wrapt in smoke to all but his kinsman Hampden, these all would have gone but that the king, advised by Laud, put a stop to emigration. That was the dawn of a great and decisive day. I must dwell on it a little.

Charles the First was king. In 1633 he determined to go to Scotland and be crowned as King of the Scots. His reception there was all that kingly heart could wish. The entrance into Edinburgh was a grand ovation, public joy ran high, all showing that the heart of the people was loyal. But strangely enough, in presbyterian Scotland, Charles had as sole adviser, Archbishop Laud, who wished the king to establish a regimen and a ritual worship. In a short time Laud produced his service book for the cathedral at Edinburgh, which was crowded for the occasion. But any one to have looked on that swaying crowd would have seen that all were ill at ease. A dark scowl sat upon many a face; bitterness was in many a heart; and loud murmurings hung on many a lip, because of this high-handed innovation. Dr. Hanna ascended the reading desk, but no sooner had he commenced this novel service than an old dame, who occupied her wonted place at the pulpit stairs, sprang to her feet, and hurling a cutty stool at his head, cried, *Out, thou false thief; dost thou say mass at my lug?* The old dame struck the first of many blows; the covenant was formed, an army raised, and civil war commenced by the brave Scots, who were determined to have religious liberty or know the reason why. Charles raised an army and marched to chastise the rebellious Scots, but somehow didn't do it, and gave them all they asked instead. Meanwhile in England

the "divine right" of the king was being enforced with a heavy and cruel hand. The puritan party of freedom was growing mad. The writ of ship money was brought out, which Hampden resisted. Then came the long parliament and the growth of the puritan party, and then, after wrong doing and high-handed cruelty on the one side, and patient forbearance on the other, came war. I am not an advocate for war; I have espoused the cause of peace, and so far from delighting in the din and tumult of strife, would re-echo the angel song, with all my heart and voice, "On earth peace and good will toward men." I am watching and longing for the dawn of that day by whose light men shall work to "beat the sword into a ploughshare, and the spear into a pruning hook." War has ever been the world's great curse, the fearful weapon wielded by ambition or revenge, devastating lands and desolating homes. And, if there is one kind of war worse than another—if one battlefield can be more dreadful than another—it is when men of kith and kin do meet in deadly strife; when brother makes the home hearth red with his brother's blood. But there is a greater evil that can happen to a nation than even civil war, and that is civil or religious slavery and oppression. There is no single spark of disloyalty within me; every pulsation of my heart is loyal to my Queen, and right earnest is my prayer "Long may she live to reign over us," but if a despot were on the throne—one who used the royal prerogative to abuse the civil rights of the people, and his headship of the church to bind them in chains of ritual or of formula; then, with all my heart and all my strength of hand I would rise up in rebellion. Is man a worm, to be crushed at the tyrant's will? Is his back of iron that the scourge cannot tear it? Is not his liberty a sacred trust, given him of heaven? It is; and he who tamely yields it up, to tyrant state or tyrant church is a craven-hearted coward, and only worthy of his chains.

I need not dwell at length upon the story, you know it well; how that the puritan cause at last became the cause of the people, of civil and religious liberty; how that the parliament took up arms against the king, and sent brave Oliver to lead them on to conquer Charles at Marston Moor, and crush the royalist party at Naseby; how the Scots took up the cause of the king, and Cromwell taught them to wish they hadn't; how there came a long struggle between the independents and presbyterians with varying fortunes for each cause; how that Cromwell lent himself to a political blunder and a piece of

infamy in the execution of the king; how Cromwell was given some power and took the rest, and was lord protector of the British realm when the puritans were in the ascendant, triumphant over popes and kings.

I am by no means disposed to excuse or try to palliate many things those puritans did. There was much in their early opposition which was extreme, and captious, and uncharitable. In language and demeanor they were hard and stern, had not much of "sweetness and light." The form of church government they established was what is called independent, which too often seemed to mean that every man was quite as good as every other man, if not a little better, and that each was free to differ from his brother and speak it out in hard, rough language. When they got the power they were almost as intolerant as their ancient masters had been, and insisted upon the enforcement of their dogmas just as fiercely as did ever catholic priest. There were many extravagancies in statesmanship, in dress, in speech, and in matters of religion. To the puritan, God was an awful king. The earth shuddered at His presence. The crashing thunder and rending earthquake were but faint whispers of his wrath, as the magnificence of earth and sky is but a ray out of his glory. It was terrible to fall into the hands of the living and angry God.

By Adam's sin every man had fallen, and the wrath of God was resting on him, because he was born into the life of earth. Man had no power of himself to discern good from evil, right from wrong, and all his goodness was at best but torn and filthy rags. The puritan stood at the base of Sinai, and cried "Amen" to the thunderings of a Jewish law. I am not an apologist for such a theology as that, but what would you? Only such men as they could have done such work as they did. They were for the people always, as against tyrant king or tyrant priest. The mighty war they waged was for liberty of conscience, man's right to think and act according to his light of reason. They opposed with manful and with prosperous might the false and pernicious doctrine that the state is subservient to the church, and must make its statute laws to conform to ecclesiastical rules. They said "the state is supreme; civil laws are made for the people; if the teachings of the church are opposed to these, all the worse for the church." Their form of church government rightly excluded the possibility of establishing religion, or having a state church; for any man might minister, who for his character and gifts,

the people should elect. He was the free choice of a free people, asking no sanction of the state, seeking no patronage, and submitting to no control. Their doctrines were hard, but did great and needful work. They told how hateful in real aspect and terrible in consequence was all sin; how it benumbs the mind, paralyses the energies, deadens the intellect, the affections and the soul, and *that* in those days as in these, had need to be taught. The spirit of the times had turned religion into a mere ceremonial, and confined it to a building called the church. The puritan took it everywhere; wrought in its name in field or office, lived in its name in his home, spoke in its name in the council chamber, fought in its name against doers of evil. He was a man of religion, living always as under the eye of invisible God. The times were profligate, luxurious, wild and licentious; the puritan lived, and demanded from others, a pure and austere morality. To be real in a frivolous age, earnest when the multitudes laugh, pure among profligates, godly among the godless, prayerful among the scorners, is no small thing. It demands the stuff of which saints and heroes are made. And that the puritans were. You can find fault with them if you like, and laugh at them as did the gay cavaliers of their own day. You can say that they were cold and stiff, austere, not lovely at any time; that they had the strength of the law, and not the beauty of the gospel; the cunning of the pharisee, and not the simplicity of the christian; that the rose never bloomed upon their cheeks, but only a cloud was seen to lie darkly on the brow; that their religion was a principle, and not a kindling, warming, shining sentiment; that it was hard and grim as the grey crags of a mountain peak, and not a native fountain of joy and gladness, leaping up in winter's frost or summer's sun, playing in the sober autumn or amid the greenness of spring; and in that you will be right. But their faith made them fitted for their times, and for rough work; it made them strong men; it made them men of iron sides, and iron will, and unconquerable daring. Those were strong men who dared to resist the grinding despotism of James and the two Charles's, who fought at Nasby and at Marston Moor. Those were strong men, the two thousand ministers, who left pulpit and people, home and friends, to wander in cheerless exile rather than sin against their conscience. They were strong men who sailed away in the Mayflower, to brave wind and sea, hunger and cold, who stepped upon the rocky shores of the American continent, and lifted up to the heavens their song of

praise; strong men who faced a thousand perils while they lived, founded a mighty empire on the broad and strong basis of civil and religious liberty, and dying, left "unstained what there they found—freedom to worship God." The battle they fought was that of liberty against despotism, reason against prejudice. They strove for no single generation, and for no single land; it was for the freedom of the English people, and that the human race might have the opportunity to achieve its great destiny. The lines they marked went out into all the world. The mighty spirit of them passed into the breast of oppressed and down-trodden people; it roused ancient Greece from the slumber of two thousand years in slavery and degradation; it kindled in Europe an unquenchable fire, and in its glare men fought like men for man's most manful rights. England owes most of her civil rights to the work they did. Thanks to them, a royal despot can never more turn the wheel of oppression in the free British empire. Any tyrant there would have a short breath in these days. Cromwell and his fellows were not always moderate in the use of power. They had not got accustomed to liberty, and used it in a clumsy way at times; but under them the star of Britain rose and has not fallen, aye, has not paled its glory yet. They were friends of religious liberty, and have handed the priceless heritage down to us. They taught the great lesson, which we are mighty slow to learn, that an age is not to live for itself, but for the ages that must follow. How if they had been as craven and politic as some others I could name—say of this generation, say of this place—who are well content to live, counting life in cents and dollars—will submit to the imposition of wrong, nor dare to protest? Is it well that the sons of English puritans, and the sons of Scotland's brave covenanters, shall submit to a yoke their fathers would not wear? If they had forgotten their sons, as we seem willing to forget ours, where would have been England's freedom and glory now? If they had cared more for personal ease and comfort than for justice, where had been our ease and comfort now? We have need of their spirit, the spirit of our fathers; we have need to feel the mighty throb of indignation against injustice as they felt it. When shall we feel it? Not yet—not yet, I fear. We want peace—peace at any price—at the price of our own and our children's rights—peace, and a way to make money. Well, but no. Some of us will speak, so that the rest shall hear. I have tasted the liberty of the Gospel of Christ, and must not only be free, but

see my fellow men free. I am a Briton; they gave me birth down in the wilds of Cornwall; they filled my veins with true old Celtic blood—no fault of mine, but it was so. The roar of Atlantic waves, and the mighty rush, or weird sob, of Atlantic winds passing from sea to sea lulled me to my sleeping and filled my ears when morning came. I have watched the great sea in its madness dash and dash against the tall and rock-ribbed cliffs, and then fall back in foam, as if a thousand faces shone up in white anger; and I was never afraid of the storm, she seemed to me as a mother. And then came time for thought of men—of men who had by mighty doing made English history. And as I read the story of heroic deeds, to my young imagination I still stood in the midst of storm—I was watching the heaving oceans of human passions, and the breath of their striving came beating on me like a tempest. So my mother continued to enfold me in her arms, and her spirit got mingled with mine. I grew to be proud of my great fathers in the love of liberty; as their figures moved across the canvas my heart leapt towards them. I grew to be proud of my great free country—proud of her free press—proud of her free institutions—proud of the free senate—proud of the free queen of that free people; sorry for nothing but the fettered church. And now, that I am 3000 miles away, the old love of freedom is in me stronger than ever. To have any form of tyranny in her empire seems to me a wrong to her, and I am jealous for her honor. I cannot stand quietly by and see the subjects of Victoria oppressed by kingcraft or priestcraft. I love the faith of my protestant fathers—I love the altars they reared—I love the dear old home from end to end, and have sung as I would sing to-night:

"I love thee, when I see thee stand
The hope of every other land;
A seamark on the tide of Time,
Rearing to heaven thy head sublime;
Whence beams of Gospel-splendour shed
A sacred halo round thy head.
I love thee when I hear thy voice
Bid a despairing world rejoice;
And loud from shore to shore proclaim
In every temple Messiah's Name;
That Name at which from sea to sea
All nations yet shall bow the knee.
I love thee next to heaven above;
Land of my fathers, thee I love.
And rail thy slanderers as they will,
With all thy faults I love thee still."

THE UNITARIAN CHURCH.

THE UNITARIAN CHURCH.

The 18th century was, I think, the strangest and maddest time in all European history. It is difficult to say whether society was deeply savage or highly civilized, cultivated or coarse—whether its leaders were great men or only simulacra of greatness. You will have some notion of the state of things when I say France was drunk and led the European dance. French literature, French morals, French politics, French dramas, French laughter and naughtiness—all things were French, and all things were beautiful, and bad, and rotten. Louis XIV. had created an era, and left his own stamp upon it. He did it in a pious, monarchical, "divine right of kings" way; flung an air of stateliness into the life of society, and a gleam of the classical into literature; but, for all that, was author of all the doubt and the scoffing, all the mischief and sin and shame with which history has mostly credited the regent, Philip of Orleans. Voltaire arose, a bright and baneful star, and with his wonderful genius, his crushing sarcasm, his wild scoffing, his wicked wit, his indecency of speech and conduct, his varied knowledge, and his passionate hate of religion, changed the current of popular thought and taste, and the whole face of things. Around him clustered kindred spirits—men possessed of large stores of information, capacious minds, force of expression and ready wit—D'Alembert and Diderot, Raynal, Helvetius, and Holback formed with him the famous band of encyclopidists, who announced a new gospel and created a new literature. They did their wicked work in a most wicked manner. Not brave enough to stand forth in the open and challenge judgment or war, each played a double character—the one within his own circle with closed doors and a *nom de plume*, the other out before the people. Voltaire, in secret, wrote most abusive songs and violent satires against the king and the nobility and the church, and all that bore the name or form of religion, and at the same time printed, in his own name, poems in praise of Louis XIV. and to celebrate the feast of the Virgin Mary. He composed, in secret, an epistle to Urania, which was a wild diatribe against christianity and Christ, and soon after in public cited odes in honour of the true

God and a dying Saviour. He was but one of many. And the streams from those secret sources went bearing poison everywhere, captivating intellect and demoralizing society, until there was no more need for secrecy, but public demand and popular applause for the avowal of infidelity.

England copied France. Shaftesbury shone as a bright and particular star, and his pleasantness of form, his gorgeous drapery, his notion of morals, his thought of religion, his keen piercing wit, were all modelled after the style of the French. He taught the English people that Shakespeare and Milton were antiquated, and not to be reckoned with the lights which had just blazed above the horizon. Addison, Steele, Prior, Pope, Thomson, Swift and others accepted this gospel of a new literature, and formed a poetry from poetical reminiscences, and a prose from humourous incidents and polished speech. The creative genius was no longer sought; the fine poetic inspiration which giveth life and beauty to cold inanimate forms, was held as mere rhapsody and vulgar. A glance at the pages of the *Tatler* and the *Spectator*, or the prose and poetry of the men I have named, will convince you of the truth of this. To be a man of the world—meaning, also, a man of the flesh and the devil, of course—was the highest aim of the tallest men. Poetry, history, politics, religious knowledge, all came by inspiration to the man of the world, and to acquire them by study was held to be mean and vulgar. It needs but a glance at the leading men of the first half of the 18th century, and the turbulent, dissolute life which they led, their ever-shifting standard of morals, their light, fantastic, but convenient philosophy, their freedom as to things men are used to look upon as honorable, to see that their methods of teaching and modes of life must have been destructive of all economy, must have led to dissipation, vanity and pride, and that they were deadly enemies to truth, simplicity and virtue, without which freedom is only a bright, delusive dream, and right for man or men only a shadow.

The four Georges kinged it over England for nearly the whole of the century; and they were as strange a lot as ever sat upon a throne, and surrounded by as strange a lot as ever pampered or pestered royalty. Just look at them as they fall into groups. George I., brave enough as a soldier, and more or less a child of good fortune, getting the electorate of Hanover, and Sophia, niece of the luckless Stuart who lost his head to Cromwell and popular freedom. That way the elector came to be called over as King of England,

Scotland and Ireland. He cared but a liittle for the honour ; cried much on leaving his people ; showed much prudence in his dealings with the English ; regarded himself as little better than a lodger at St. James and Hampton Court ; plundered the people a good deal, it is true, and divided the spoil among his German followers. But the English were accustomed to that, and could readily forgive it, since he allowed them to do what they had grown fond of doing—that is, govern themselves. I should like to take you through that period, to show you the state of morals as gathered from Fielding's novels and Hogarth's sketches and twenty books of history. The brilliant, bad company gathered round the throne of the four Georges or crowding through the streets of London—the great Dr. Johnson, great at criticism and eating ; Addison, the poet and secretary ; and Dick Steele ; and the mighty Marlborough with his fiery spouse ; Fox and Walpole, and North, and Chatham, and Newcastle, and the younger Pitt. I should like to give a page of the political moralityof the day—the story of men who were willing to coalesce with any party, or to abandon any party, or to undermine any party, or to assault any party for personal gain—men whose doctrines were that political virtue is the mere coquetry of political prostitution, that every patriot has his price, that government can be carried on only by means of corruption, and that the state is given as a prey to statesmen ; the story also of the secret service fund, which meant then what it has meant in other places since then—money obtained for carrying on the business of buying constituencies and members of parliament ; of the childish and base old Duke of Newcastle refusing to give Fox an account of the way in which that money was spent, saying, "My brother, when he was at the Treasury, never told anybody what he did with the secret service money ; no more will I." But I must forbear, satisfied with this cursory glance.

From this state of literature and politics you will easily imagine what the religious life of the people must have been. Books had been published in England ridiculing in boldest language the whole christian revelation, and the popular belief in miracles. Appeals were made to the rights of reason and of a sound understanding ; people built systems of godliness according to their own notions. Almost all the brilliant minds in England and in France were captivated by the teachings of the Deists, and the philosophy of the day was bent with tremendous energy to the task of offering contention to all laws human and divine, and of releasing the popular and the

particular mind and heart from all feelings of reverence for powers in heaven or powers on earth. The *church* was but the thing in name—the willing, smiling, smirking, flatterer of the king and the nobles, and all else, able to dispense patronage. My lady of Yarmouth, the king's favorite, sold a hishopric to a clergyman for £5,000. She had made a bet with him that he would be made a bishop; he lost, and paid the money; and he was not the only prelate of his time who had been led by such hands to consecration. Look into the palace in the time of George II., and you may see crowds of cassocks rustling up the back stairs of the ladies of the court; stealthy clergy slipping purses into their laps, and the godless old king yawning under his canopy in his chapel royal, as the chaplain is discoursing on righteousness and temperance. Righteousness, and temperance! What were those things to George of Hanover, King of England? Nothing, and he pays no heed. Whilst the preacher is discoursing, the old king is chattering in German, chattering so loud that one day the clergyman burst out weeping in his pulpit because the chosen defender of the faith and disposer of Bishoprics would not listen to him. The clergy were corrupt and indifferent, and the people were also corrupt and indifferent. It spread abroad and down to all classes of society, from royalty to nobility, from nobility to peasantry. Hireling shepherds let the sheep go wandering any whither, let the wolf of infidelity prowl and destroy at savage will, careful only of the wages due. The old quarrel with the puritans was, by common consent, forgotten, for the people had wearied of the puritan snarl and twang, of the puritan hard, dry dogmas, and the puritan long, dry sermons, which, like the wind, seemed to make the circuit of the earth and have no end. It was a time of reaction, of slumber and ease. The church maintained the semblance of life, but did that only because it was paid by the state. Energy there was little or none; faith was a lapsed virtue; the torch was well nigh quenched; the fires did but smoke and smoulder on the altar, and it seemed as if decay had set in and was fast eating its way to the heart of things, making the end death, desolation, near and sure.

But just when all seemed darkest and most hopeless, a breath passed over the valley of dry, white bones, and there was a faint stir and change in the scene. To the wise who looked on, it was clear that an old world was passing away. For three hundred years the middle ages had lain in the throes and agonies of death, and

now they were gasping out their last breath. A corrupt body was breaking up; an old and bad thing was falling to pieces. There was movement—the movement of a new life, with promise of better things for the people. In literature, a great stride was taken away from the old fashion of writing, and we find ourselves in company of such men as Gibbon and Hume, and Johnson and Burke. Garrick gave new life and meaning to the drama. Pitt, the great commoner, grasped the political situation of the country, and achieved for the nation, at vast expenditure, vast successes. The war with France was prosecuted with great vigor. Here, on this continent, the English arms were everywhere successful. Louisburg fell; the island of Cape Breton was reduced; the French fleet, sent out to defend French-America, was destroyed. The next year brought conquest after conquest: first that of Greece; then that of Guadaloupe; then Ticonderoga; then Niagara. A greater exploit still was achieved by the brave Wolfe on the plains of Abraham; he fell, but Quebec was taken. The next year was 1760, and still triumph followed triumph. Montreal was taken; the whole province of Canada was subjugated; the French fleet suffered disaster everywhere. In the East, still more brilliant things were done. In the space of three years or so, the English had founded the mighty Indian empire. As the inscription on Chatham's monument in Guildhall says, under his administration, "commerce had been united with and made to flourish by war." The nation was always spending huge sums of money, and always growing richer. One proof of the revival is, that Glasgow then began to be important, and has never lost it since, I believe.

Philosophy also put forth before men in another garb, and declared it had at last a mission. Philosophy had been indulging in many most marvellous vagaries for a long period. The pendulum had oscillated, swinging now to the zone of unbelief, and now to the zone of positive affirmation, and now vibrating between them both in a sad, uncertain way. Immanuel Kant came forth, and fixed it in the zone of affirmation. Born at Konigsburg, in Prussia, he lived there and died there, simply and always a philosopher. Philosophy, for the most part, had declared against religion. Great efforts had been made, first in the region of Ontology, and then in that of Pyscology. School after school had attempted to settle the pyscological question; such as Locke, Hume, the sensational school, the Scotch school, and Gall. All of these declared that

experience was the foundation of knowledge, and all experience led irresistably to scepticism. So thoughtful men found themselves in a dilemma; compelled to reject the bible, and to deny some great facts of their own consciousness, or to find refuge in a denial of philosophy. Kant came forth with his "Critique of Pure Reason," and said by it, "No; you may be true to philosophy and to the teachings of the bible—that is, you may be a philosopher and have faith in God: not that by any philosophical method you can discover God;" for, said he, "I have gone round the domain of the human understanding, and taken the exact measure of it, and am compelled to admit that that domain is only an island. Nature has assigned to it invariable limits. It is the empire of Truth; but it is surrounded by a stormy and illimitable sea, upon which we discover nothing but illusions. There, on that sea, the navigator, deceived by masses of ice, which appear and disappear successively before him, believing that at every moment he is about to discover land, wanders without repose, guided only by one hope. He is the plaything of the stormy waves, always forming new plans, always preparing himself for new experiences which he can never renounce, and yet which he can never obtain. But," said he, "though we cannot know anything respecting things *per se*, we are not to embrace scepticism; for our knowledge, though relative, is certain. We have ideas independent of experience; and these ideas have the character of universality and necessity. We can establish the veracity of consciousness, and with the veracity of consciousness is established the certainty of morals. If, in consciousness, I find the ideas of God and virtue, I cannot escape believing in God and virtue I find those ideas, and I have that faith. A belief, I admit, that is practical; not theoretical. It is founded on a certainty, not on a demonstration. I cannot reason it out; and yet, that God exists, that the world exists, are irresistible convictions."

That was a great step in philosophy, and a great gain to the world. It put an end to philosophical scoffing at religion, and brought metaphysics round to the side of faith.

We are prepared now to expect a revival in the church, for, when such a storm blows, every tree in the forest, and every corn-stalk in the field will bow and sway. At Oxford University a small band of young students began to meet for prayer that the church might awake and put on her beautiful garments. Wonderful desires they had, and wonderful words of deep and earnest prayer did they

speak to each other. The heart of these was moved, and did heave and swell with great thoughts and great earnestness. In due time went forth Wesleyanism, going down of set plan and purpose, to the lower and lowest strata of human society; finding work to do among the untaught and neglected masses, who were the makers of wealth, and yet starved in spite of the thing they had made; finding words of hope, and strength, and life eternal for the weavers of Spitalfields, and the begrimed coal miners of Bristol, and the slow minded agriculturalists of Devonshire, and the bold fishermen and cruel wreckers of Cornwall. Like the breath of the Lord it went forth at the prophesying of a small band of men, and there was a great shaking among the dry bones. Methodism handled with magnificent self confidence the tremendous weapons of appeal to the mere feelings of men. It boldly called up a storm, and then grandly ruled it for the good of the people and the glory of God.

At Cambridge another movement had begun, taking, not so much the form of prayer, as that of deep and earnest thought. At Oxford heart and mind were in motion; at Cambridge mind and heart were stirring. The one appeal was to the emotional, the other to the reason; the one aimed to revive and carry on the Reformation, fervour of faith and of feeling; the other sought to carry on the *thought* of the Reformation. So Methodism went down to the many, the people, to stir them to faith, and great songs that should swell up to the heavens; and Unitarianism went up to the few, the learned and the thoughtful; it took to itself unlimited intellectual freedom, and went forth in strong and swift pursuit of truth. From the first it was bold, it was daring; believing in God with great reverence; believing also in the wide province of human reason most firmly, and holding the God-given understanding of man in great honor. But this movement at Cambridge was not so sudden, so revolutionary, in its character, as was the Oxford movement under the lead of the Wesleys and Whitfield. Unitarianism was a revival of the intellectual side of the Reformation. It brought reason to bear upon matters of religion, and religion to bear upon matters of the reason. Of course, the Unitarians, like all other denominations, take a pardonable pride in tracing their line of ancestry as it reaches back to the early founders of the christian faith. I suppose every church extant can find its ancestors in the primitive church; and all of us can see clearly our patent of nobility in the Acts of the Apostles. The Unitarians claim kindred first of all with the Judaizers

and Ebionites of the first century; then with Artemou and Paul of Samosata, with Photinus, Arius, Abelard, the Albigenses, and the Anabaptists, and so on to Socinus and the Italian reaction against the paganism of the papal court, under Leo X., in the sixteenth century. Far be it from me to deny this claim as to parentage and ancestry; for, having respect to the uncertainty of all such things in this uncertain world, I meet any man's claim with a "perhaps," or "it may be."

I think my Unitarian friends, however, will hardly dispute my fair ness, or accuracy, when I name John Biddle as the first of the English unitarians. Biddle was a scholar, a brave man,—brave enough to hold and utter opinions, though he might stand alone—and, what was more, was an honest and good man. He came to his conclusions by the study of the Bible—he appealed to the protestant right of private judgment; but the puritans never understood the doctrine of the right of private judgment as teaching that any one had the right to differ from them. So in 1647 Biddle was imprisoned under Charles I. for the sin of heresy, and soon after, in the Westminster assembly, some zealous puritans urged that he should be put to death. But Cromwell would not have such injustice done, and he who protected the Vaudois christians from the fury of the pope, protected English christians from the bigotry of the puritans. He sent Biddle out of the way of his foes, with a pension of £25 a year to live on. So tolerant were the puritans, who a short time before had thundered so mightily against intolerance, that in parliament assembled they appointed a committee of divines to examine Biddle, and then passed a law that all persons who were unsound as to the doctrine of the Trinity shall be put to death. This was in 1648. Before the sentence could be executed on any one, the power of the assembly and the parliament had passed away, and Richard Cromwell gave place to Charles II. At the Restoration, Biddle returned to London and opened a chapel for preaching. But the attempt failed of success. They flung him into prison, where, in 1662, he died. Unitarianism was hated by all parties, denied toleration in express terms by the "Act of Toleration," and for a time sank into obscurity.

But although Biddle may well be called the first English unitarian, because he was the first to separate himself from the orthodox church, other, and great men, before him, had ventured to think in much the same way. To episcopacy, and the forms of the church, they had

neither a strong attachment nor a strong objection. They regarded some doctrines, which were held by many as essential, as mere opinions or forms of doctrine, and nothing more. They were called Latitudinarians, Rationalists, Platonists, and such like names. In their modes of speech and modes of thinking they were always at variance with the forms of speech and tone of the articles of the church. They were not so much teachers of new truths, but they had a habit of looking at old truths in a new way, and saying something original about them. They were men of progress, not afraid, in not holding it sin, to differ from the Fathers or from the intellectual leaders of the Reformation. They recognized the law of development, and acted on it. They saw that God had ordained that every age shall be better and bigger than the age preceding, and in a manful way they sought to make the world as God had purposed. They saw that Calvinism was the embodiment of the doctrines which grew out of the stern necessities of the Reformation; but they saw also that Calvinism was impossible as a permanent form of faith for men, and that sooner or later they must drop the theology of Calvin and fall back upon the larger and fairer catholic doctrine of universal love. Many of them preferred the sooner to the later. Among the number was John Hales, of Eton, who went to the synod of Dort to uphold the Calvinistic doctrines as to predestination and reprobation, and returned a convert to Armenianism; and by and by went further afield, preferring reason to authority. There was also the brave, good-hearted and clear-headed Chillingworth declaring that he recognised in reason the final judge and arbiter of religion. "Reason may be imperfect," he said; "we may crave an authority to supersede it, but that authority is not given. The Scriptures are the rule of faith, but we have no infallible external aurhority to tell us what the Scriptures mean. In all things essential their meaning is plain to those who honestly and sincerely try to understand them." Chillingworth seems to have been a Rationalist from his youth up. The mountains which troubled the puritans were to him as molehills. His difficulties arose from the outrageous clauses of damnation in the Athanasian creed, and such like things. He entered the Church of England under many mental reservations, then took refuge in the Church of Rome, but could not flee from himself or find rest, for he had learnt to follow Reason.

Then there was Thomas Hobbes, of Malmesbury, whose name,

ever since his day, has been a terror to the church; who has been called sceptic, infidel, athiest, monster, and a few more such choice things; but of whom you will be startled, when you come to read his books, to find that he was a christian believer and a good man. But he was given to exercise his speculative faculties; to speak of old matters in a new manner; to follow reason through some of the intricate windings of theology; struck out some quite new paths for thought to travel in; and, of course, they called him infidel. Heretic he was; for he advocated the interpretation of scripture miracles after the fashion of our modern Rationalists. He had some strange and startling explanations of the Trinity; he denied the dogma of eternal punishment, and proclaimed the doctrine of a final restitution; he denied the personality of the devil and kindred spirits, although he had a mortal dread of being alone in the dark; and, altogether, his was a great world of rational theology, that is, doctrine based on reason.

That stream went on, fertilising many places, and doing much to keep the church and the people from falling into utter unreason and the most abject superstition. But we shall get a distincter notion of the causes of that revival at Cambridge I have noticed, if we look for a moment at that little group of men called, in their day and since, the Cambridge Platonists, whose avowed object was to establish religion and morality, not on anything transient, or arbitrary or shifting, but on principles immutable and eternal. First was Dr. Cudworth, with his "Intellectual System of the Universe," intended as a refutation of the theories of Hobbes, and to insist on the essential and eternal discrimination of moral good and evil, of justice and injustice. Cudworth's protest was needed; is needed yet, I think. It is an ancient conceit that right or wrong is just an arbitrary thing. Plato, in his book of "Laws," speaks of men who said that nothing was naturally just; that a thing was made just by arts and laws, not by any nature of its own. Aristotle, in his ethics, speaks of things honest and just, not by nature, but only by law. Down through the ages, the foul stream passed. The ancient sceptics declared that morality was made by the state alone. The same obtained among the Scholastics, and even Calvinists could say that God might command what is contrary to all the precepts of the decalogue; that holiness is not conformity with the nature of God; and that God can with justice condemn the innocent to everlasting torments. Against this, Cudworth lifted up his voice,

declaring that a thing was not right because God had so willed; but God had willed it because it was right; declaring that not even the will of God could have made right and wrong other than they are; for truth and falsehood are not mere names, but everlasting realities.

With Cudworth was Henry More, a Rationalist, and a Mystic withal; who allowed his philosophy to impinge on his theology, being a disciple of Photinus rather than of Plato—adopting the great maxim of Cicero, "I will follow reason wherever it leads me," put on as "priestly habiliments;" the "rational," as his "sacredotal breastplate." He thought that every priest should be a rational man and a philosopher. "To take away reason," said he, "is to despoil the priest of his breastplate; and, worse still, it is to rob Christianity of that special perogative which it has above all other religions in the world; namely, that it dares appeal unto reason." There was John Wilkins, too—made Bishop of Chester afterward—less mystical, and more practical than More, making a magnificent effort to establish the great principles of religion—the being of God and a future state—by "showing how firm and solid a foundation they have in the nature and reason of mankind;" also, John Smith—the most philosophical and interesting of all the Cambridge men—but who died before he had reached the meridian of life; and Benjamin Whichcot, and others, of whom I may not now speak, who, with one accord, gave honor to reason; banished the theology of Calvin, because it was irrational, representing God as doing what, consistently with his own nature, he could not do; and, at the same time, daring to question many of the doctrines and forms of the church. I do not claim those men as avowed Unitarians; but from such loins did Unitarianism spring.

The history of it as a church is not of much interest or of much importance. As I said awhile ago, after the death of Biddle it passed almost out of notice, and for a long time was kept in obscurity. In 1702 Thomas Evelyn, a presbyterian minister in Dublin, avowed unitarian opinions and was driven from his pulpit. In 1710 Whiston was expelled from his professorship at Cambridge for the same reason. In 1712 Dr. Samuel Clarke, a London rector, published his celebrated work on the Arian controversy. In 1719 the dissenting world was startled and confused by "the Salter's Hall controversy," which arose out of a great meeting called to put down a socinianizing minister at Exeter, splitting into two parties. One

still maintained the old watchword of freedom from all creeds and subscriptions, and the other maintaining that the only way to put down dangerous errors was by reverting to tests. At last, in 1778, after many clergymen, such as Lindsay, Jebb, Wakefield, Disney, and many dissenters, such as Priestley, Price, Aiken, Rees, and Belsham, had openly or covertly embraced unitarianism, and almost all the chapels belonging to the general baptists and to the presbyterians, had been given up to unitarian teaching, the body firmly established itself as a separate church in England. I need not stay now to describe the unitarian church polity—for it is known to you all—but will say just a word as to its present condition as far as I know it. In England they have not made much progress, presenting a very striking contrast to the Wesleyan church. It has had men of great intellectual force and scholarly ability, who have exercised a great influence upon the thinking portion of the community. Such men as the late George Dawson—whom to have heard was to respect, and to know was to love—have done a work which only eternity can reveal. They have now the cultured Dr. Vance Smith; and towering above all in his own denomination, and above most in all denominations, that great christian, great scholar, great preacher, greatest of English living theologians, James Martineau. In America, Unitarianism has achieved a larger success; perhaps because the country is new, and the people are freer than they can be in England, where old world prejudices seem undying things, and rule as tyrants. On this continent, under the leadership of such able men as the gentle, cultured, true-hearted Channing; the eloquent, brave, clear-headed, great-hearted, noble Theodore Parker; and the mystical, poetic, profound, yet witching Emerson; and a host of other lesser lights, the unitarians have greatly prospered. In England, as a church, as a separate communion, the cause is a failing one; but as to its methods of reasoning, its principles and practices of life, its veneration for the spirit of truth, without much thought for the letter; its insistance upon the eternal verities of human morality, and the universal love of the universal Father, matters for which, if I mistake them not, they care much more than for any merely denominational success; in those things they have wrought a mighty work in the land; liberalizing the churches; softening down the old, hard, harsh, repulsive features of theology; persuading men that it is right to do right for its own sake, and that on the face of the great God still lingers the old smile of a tender love.

Let me not be misunderstood. I do not say that in England unitarianism is on the increase—on the contrary, as a denomination, it is failing; but its principles, its main teachings, are enormously successful, being received on every side with certain modifications. For I ought to state here what I think my unitarian friends will not question—that the name "Unitarian" is misleading, it is hardly fair, for it does but half express their cast of thought and the form of life they seek. True, they hold that God is one God, and that in a different sense to the unity of God as held by trinitarians; but the root idea of them, the reason of their existence as a church, is not simply to propagate any one doctrine, or to protest against any one error, but, rather, to put forth a claim, and to maintain by all and every means legitimate, for perfect intellectual freedom within the church as everywhere else. At the first it said to the people: "You sought your freedom in the Protestant Reformation, but didn't find it there. True, you flung off the shackles of popery; you refused to dance longer to the foolish pipings of a priest—but, having done so much, you ceased to try and do more; you have thrown off an infallible pope to take on the yoke of an infallible book; as before, you are fettered by creeds and confessions; you allow yourselves to be bewildered by many definitions, things too subtle for analysis and too delicate for mortal use; you are entangled in fine-spun theories, like flies in a web. We declare unto you the gospel of liberty, and hold forth to you the light of reason."

But it will be better, I think, if I try and point out some of the main peculiarities of unitarianism—dwelling on them in more or less of criticism. Criticism, let me beg you to remember, not controversy; and I throw out no challenge whatever, for if I did, I should find champions of a different stamp from those who in other things have sought to meet me. So I only indulge in criticism as the title of all my lectures go. And first of all, in matter of time and prominence, the unitarians have laid, and do lay, stress on the intellect or the reason, as holding a pre-eminent place in all religious beliefs. The Cambridge men derived our knowledge from reason and from conscience. These were the guides of human life. The fact of external revelation, say the Bible, was to have additional force from its agreement with the revelation within. But if that agreement was not complete, then one must regulate the other. Then the question arises, Which is to be supreme? "The external," said most of the protestants; "reason, conscience, all must yield to the

Bible, for human reason may be wrong—the Bible cannot be." "No," said the Cambridge men, "the inner revelation must be accepted and the outer rejected, if they do not harmonise." "But that need not be. The Bible is in accord with our reason and our conscience; we can interpret it, have and hold its teaching, which is a rational christianity." That is still the unitarian position, and I am greatly in sympathy with it. I share this profound distrust of old world formulas of faith, and this reverence for the human reason. I hold firmly and tenaciously to the right of private judgment, for its own sake and for the sake of the inevitable results flowing from it. "When men have appreciated," says Lecky, "the countless differences which the exercise must necessarily produce—when they have estimated the intrinsic fallibility of their reason and the degree in which it is distorted by the will—when, above all, they have acquired that love of truth which a constant appeal to private judgment at last produces, they will never dream that guilt can be associated with an honest conclusion, or that one class of arguments should be stifled by authority. In the 17th century, when the controversy with catholicism had brought the central principle of protestantism into clear relief, and when the highest genius of Europe still flowed in the channels of divinity, this love of truth was manifested in the greatest works of English theology in a degree which very few departments of English literature had ever equalled. Hooker, upholding with his majestic eloquence, the immutable principles of eternal law; Berkley, the greatest modern master of the Socratic dialogue, asserting the claims of free thought against those who vainly boasted that they monopolized it, and pursuing with the same keen and piercing logic the sophisms that lurked in the common places of fashion, and in the obscurest recesses of metaphysics; Chillingworth, with a bold unfaltering hand, drawing the line between certainties and probabilities, eliminating from theology the old conception of faith considered as an unreasoning acquiescence, and teaching that belief should always be strictly 'proportionable to the credibility of its motives;' these, and such as these, even when they were opposed to religious liberty, were its real founders." The recognition of reason and the claim to use this great, this magnificent gift, has saved the church from falling into abject superstition. But, I see allied to this great good a possible evil; I see that reason cannot circle the all of things, or find the ends of the lines of God's thought and purpose which have gone out

into the world of human life. I would prove all things in order to hold fast, firmly, and intelligently that which is good; but, I have also a profound distrust of this reason, my own, or that of other men, and cannot, *dare* not, take it as sole and sufficient guide. It is a great light, but when uninstructed by a divine teacher, wanders in devious and dangerous ways. If you would see the working of it and the end thereof, what this cold speculation leads to when reason wanders without the guide divine, and stands divorced from a living faith, you must go to the subtle races of India; you must examine that strange thing called Buddhism; you must follow the intellect in its speculative wanderings, along step by step into the gathering gloom; mark the grim spectral shapes that rise before you; feel for a moment the wild rush and thrill of hope, and then the chill, the cold disappointment that follows quick upon it, and seems to freeze the very blood; go on till you stand shivering at the fearful brink of a vacuus Nirwana; no solid ground for one more step, nothing left but an awful plunge into the swirling chaos of an endless doubt. That is the logical, and only issue, of unrestrained and unqualified speculation. It never has been found in the actual affairs of life and death, that man can stand alone upon his own Reason, refusing to bow to all authority, and shaking off all reverence and all faith. Man has Conscience and Imagination as well as Reason; and in order to do the work of life, to have peace of mind and joy diffused through all the soul, each of these must do its great part. Religion is for the whole man, it has a truth for the Reason, a truth comprehensible, that may be grasped and understood; it has truth for the Conscience and truth for the Faith; each is necessary to the other. Without the exercise of Reason, man runs into fanaticism; carves himself images, or lives upon the dangerous food of mere emotional excitement. Without the exercise of Faith man becomes coldly speculative; Religion becomes a code of morals, at best a mere negation. Conscience is that which applies the truth to actual life and moulds the character for holiness. Each is necessary to the other; reason to balance faith, faith to travel where reason may not set its foot, and conscience to make the true thought a true thing, and the theory a potent life.

That is where I think unitarianism fails; it enthrones the reason, either ignoring the imagination altogether, or holding it as a very small and subordinate force. There is great danger in addressing men through the imagination only, or in making a mere appeal to

the emotional. By doing that Romanism bound Europe to its chariot wheels; by doing that the most monstrous doctrines were forced upon the people; the Roman hierarchy of priestly despotism was built upon it; but is there not equal danger in the other extreme, that of appealing to the intellect alone? The air we breathe is composed of oxygen and nitrogen; let there be any change in the due proportion, and life is put at risk. So in the soul of man; imagination and reason must balance each other, or the religious life will be endangered. The perfect religious character, it seems to me, is that where intellect and faith are both in motion, each helping the other, reason bowing down to faith when mystery begins to gather round it, and faith leading reason along past mystery, until, clasping hands, still they bow in reverent worship at the great throne of the great and living God.

The next point I would notice as peculiar to unitarianism is a determined refusal to submit to any constraint from churches or creeds. They hold that no form of church government or model of ecclesiastical hierarchy is given in the New Testament, and so they take that which seems to suit them best. They have adopted the Congregational form, just as they have always been on the side of popular governments, because it gives freedom. They will have nor pontiff, nor prelate, nor presbytery stand before them and say "thus far, and no farther;" but in religion, which is a thought, a feeling, a communion with the Infinite Spirit, they will have no fetters; they will be free; they have taken freedom, and, as far as I can see, mean to keep it. That is well; I have no criticism to offer on that, only unqualified approval.

So in the matter of creeds it is polar to Romanism. Romanism is a church of creeds and dogmas, hard, fast, unchanging creeds to which men must subscribe, taking no counsel of reason; dogmas infallible, which man must deny or disobey at risk of his soul. Unitarianism on the other hand is the entire abnegation of all creeds and disapproval of all dogmas and test doctrines; and in great part I go with it. I have great faith in freedom, some in the Fathers, not much. I decline to take a thing because it is old; because it appeared to the men of the last generation to be right; or even because it appears right in the eyes of living and learned theologians. "Open your mouth and shut your eyes," is a good enough game for young children, when they trust each other that it is only a choice of sweets, but I have no relish for it in the sober, sad, great

affairs of religious belief. I open my eyes wide, and shut my mouth resolutely, until I have looked round the thing, and into it as far as I can. I claim a right to accept it all, or in part, to hold this, and to refuse to hold that. I will not have it *imposed* upon me. I will hold myself free to change my opinions with increase of light and knowledge. But, if I may judge from my own experience, and what I have heard and read concerning others, human nature, seeking God, has need to take some postulates as points of starting for granted, and must have some natural guiding lines to follow. Never a man yet began at the very beginning and wrought it out; the great argument, the great truth of God and morality, and immortality, without having taken on trust some creed or dogma. It is all very well for a man to say "the gospel is my creed," but the question comes, "how do you read the gospel?" There you have a revelation of a few great fundamental truths, and you have to give them renderings and readings for the human capacity. All will not search for themselves and find conclusions; many could not if they would, and the church, if there is to be substantial agreement among its members, must have some recognized standard of faith; not unalterably fixed, but still, settled points from which to start, and well defined lines, along which thought and life may run. In this matter, as in all others, man has faith as well as reason, and his faith may grasp truths his reason can never explain. Nature has written out, on the heart and in the mind, the outlines of great creeds, and starting with them we must fill them in as best we can. Man drinks the water of life, but he cannot trace it back to its spring. By freedom in the matter of creeds, I mean the right to criticise, to embrace what my reason approves, and also what my faith alone can grasp.

And now I come to that in unitarianism which has given it its name—the unity of God. I did not put it first because I believe the unitarians do not put it first. Still it is a great and distinguishing feature. Many unitarians still think as their fathers did—that the idea of a Trinity involves a contradiction, and that every rational man must reject it. And without entering upon any elaborate explanation of their position, which must be familiar to you all, and without turning to controversy, I will say why I think a man may be rational and yet not reject the doctrine of the Trinity. I do not mean to say that I could clearly define in so many words the doctrine, for I do not accept the definition given in the articles of

the Church of England. I have never seen a definition that satisfied me. I do not think I could frame one to satisfy myself, but then that might be said of most of our great and fundamental truths of spirit and of life. I would go further, and say that I believe no argument has ever been produced, which was made to run on logical lines, which has demonstrated the doctrine of the Incarnation or the divinity of Jesus Christ. And I believe that no such logical argument ever will be produced. But I take my stand on this—that man has *moral* faculties as well as logical, and the moral are functional and forceful in him. In the universe I find that the highest things are revealed to the highest faculties in man; those highest are the spiritual—that just as music is only known to the musical, and poetry to the poetic, so the spiritual things of the world can only be discerned by the spirtually-minded. They cannot be reached and comprehended by the logical faculties. Men have long been trying to prove the existence of a God by an appeal to logic. With almost infinite labour they have built up an argument for design, dealing with things as they are seen, law and order, and the fitness of each for the other. That argument has failed, in its time doing more harm than good. And no wonder. The mountains and the sea, the flowers that bloom in the field, and the stars that shine and glance in the far away spaces of blue heaven, the order that rules with calmness unbroken, the beauty of all things good, speak a language the reason cannot interpret—knows not the grammar of. It seems to me that our path to God lies not through the reasoning faculties at all. Intellect always proceeds from definite promises, and must always end in definite and measured results; it can only argue from what it comprehends—from fixed points and along lines that may be traced; from the knowable you cannot deduce the unknowable, nor from the finite deduce the infinite, that is, logically. What then? Are we driven by reason, or by lack of it, to scepticism, if not to infidelity? No. In my consciousness I find a great and undeniable fact—the fact of God. I find it in humanity. The throb of ocean's waves, as they beat upon the shore, brings the eager question to childhood's lips, "What are the wild waves saying?" The simple villager, whom problems of metaphysics have never troubled, hears the still, small voice of God whispering from swaying tree and babbling brook. By the exercise of the spiritual in me I see God; yes, I see God, as I see you at this moment—the men and women of this audience. I use no figure of speech nor metaphor—I most

certainly do see you, but I do not mean that I simply see an array of faces and rows of human bodies. What is it that makes *you?* Why, your soul. And I do not see that. Yet in spite of my inability to see your soul, and so penetrate to the very depths of your being, there, where humanity rises and separates you from the brute, you will not question that I can see *you*. I can see you at this moment as you are, not merely a body, but a spirit also. Your soul reveals itself to me, and manifests your true personality; and in that way do we see God. Let a man with serious heart and mind look upon the universe, and he will everywhere see the shining face of the Great Builder. Where there is the spiritual mind—the filial faith, that He who created the human spirit after His own image, is also manifesting Himself in all the outward symbols of creation, there will be a bearing in of conviction upon the understanding—an apprehension of the harmony of moral designs which bind together the influences of the universe—a glad recognition of the one holy and divine power that thrills through all things living.

And in that way I accept the Godhead of Jesus Christ. I find that men have, through all the ages, been possessed by an instinct that their helpers must come to them from some mysterious region; that they cannot be merely children of earth, merely of their own race. I find the Oriental speaking of emanations from God; and the Greeks, as well as our own ancestors, the Goths, speaking of Sons of God. There is a representative case in that most magnificent drama, the book of Job. There came to this smitten man a consciousness of evil which was new to him. This consciousness was strangely mixed up with the assurance that there was a righteousness which he could claim as his own. It was more deep, more his own, than the evil or the wearing pain of his bones. He knew that his pain had come from God, and yet that it was an evil. Could God be the oppressor? was the question that rushed hot and shrieking to his lips. He found at last that God was not his oppressor, but the defender of his cause. But the evil was there, crushing him down in suffering and shame. And then came the thought of a Redeemer, an actual person connected with him, and who was at the root of his being, one in whom and by whom he should find deliverance. Suppose Job to be humanity, as the writer intended, and you have the germinal thought of incarnation. And then I turn and look upon Jesus Christ, the word He spoke and the work He did, the sublimity of His thought, His speech, His character; the

mystic tenderness and inspiring power of His teachings; the shame He suffered and the death He died; and I find that here is the answer to the expectant instinct of humanity. I cannot reason it out; I cannot even appeal to reason to support what my moral faculties receive. You know what I mean. You have stood sometimes in a deep, green valley, when your ears were filled with the murmurs of fountains and the song of birds; or you have gazed upon some mountain range, where, on the naked granite, the sun did flash in floods of glory; or you saw the storm cloud breaking there, and the grey crags quiver as the thunder went crashing by; or you have stood upon the shore as ocean's wave broke at your feet in a thousand voices of laughter, and you felt that an infinite presence had folded you round, that God was near. But if you turned from that to reasoning mood, and tried to prove to yourself that it was so, the consciousness of a presence was taken from you. It was water you heard in the valley, and the voice of Deity was not in it at all. The brooding cloud was but a mass of acqueous vapour condensed into visible form; the great thunder was but the voice of fluid breaking from its too narrow prison house; and the wind that swept ocean with such shouting, was but a current of air making its natural circuit, not having a note to tell of the march of God. Even so, when I read the words of Christ, look upon His work, put myself into a condition of sympathy with Him; when I see what by faith in His name men have done, I am compelled to own Him as God manifest in flesh. I cannot find an argument for it that shall satisfy my intellect any more than it would satisfy yours, but then I take comfort from the reflection that I get my belief in God that way—indeed that we can only apprehend the most beautiful and the most precious things of daily life that way. Do you reason yourselves into admiration of a beautiful landscape? When sweet harmonies float round you, filling all the soul with joy, did you get that joy by an analysis of the music which satisfied the intellect? Can you throw great, constant, grand, motherhood into syllogistic form? Then, I pray you, don't say I am not rational if in Jesus Christ I recognise the manifestation, the incarnation, of very God. It involves a Trinity, you say. Good, I am satisfied to leave it so.

It seems to me that the unitarians have yielded very much to the same sentiment. They speak of Christ with profound reverence

and earnest love. In the utterances of such men as Channing and Martineau you will find Christ spoken of in words that seem to indicate a spirit of worship in the men. They tell us we have got nearer to them—that we have broadened and became more rational. That is so, but the unitarians have also been changing by coming nearer to us. Learning of them, we have sought after reason more,—and learning of us, they have sought out the secret and power of faith. I earnestly confess that to me it appears as if they are not quite consistent—as if they stand in perilous places. They speak of Christ as man only—divinely sent—divinely inspired—filled with the Spirit of God, and they worship him. And to worship any thing or person less than very God, can be nothing but idolatry.

But this, every candid critic must allow, the unitarians have carried their principles into most magnificent practice. Right is right, said they, by immutable and irrevocable law, and the only true life is that which is true to justice. And they have lived, for the most part, as if they believed in what they said. In all unitarian literature there is a high and healthy tone as to morality. Theodore Parker has been much abused for his theology, and deserves it in some measure; but I have nowhere read in the English tongue, or other, outside of the Bible, sentiments that shone with clearer light of good living; sentiments that were more charged with a deep and swelling passion for what is pure in life; sentiments more calculated to inspire esteem and love of the good, and the true, and the noble, than I have found in the writings of Theodore Parker. I know not how it may be here, but I know that in England our beloved orthodoxy is greatly discounted in the markets. The long faced members of Calvanistic or Armenian churches don't get much or long, credit as a rule. It is a fact, that if you were to go to Manchester, and ask some man of information and judgment to take men as representing churches as to integrity in commercial matters, and say which stood highest in his estimation, he would say at once, "the unitarian." Now, I am not an unitarian; I could not be. My faith in the Godhead of Christ is almost a passion; it inspires me as nothing else can do. I hold to the doctrine of the Trinity though I cannot explain it. Unitarianism is too constantly aggressive, I think, in its tone and its policy; it lacks warm blood, fire, the throb of emotion; it is cold—too precise and mathematical in its movements for me; but I would be slow to speak words of

censure on a church or its principles, which has produced true and good men and women. Practice is the test of principles after all, and true life is the end of faith. I would that they could say with me:

> "Strong Son of God, immortal love,
> When we, that have not seen thy face,
> By faith, and faith alone embrace,
> Believing where we cannot prove."

but they do not, because they cannot. They remain true to their own convictions, and I am not going to speak hard words of them for that. I shall speak of them with profound respect; for they have had mighty men who have done mighty things on earth for the uplifting of our common humanity; they have manifested culture of mind and of spirit; a firm, intellectual grasp upon questions subtle or simple; great energy in the cause of popular freedom; less of bigotry than any other of the churches; a high moral character, and a just walk, which has commanded the respect of all but the fools of the earth. Their aim is great as ours, and the same as to end; that sin shall be destroyed, and holiness become the one regnant power in the mind and heart of man; that the world shall be saved, and God the universal love have universal glory. Judge them as to their motive and aim; and though your method shall jar against theirs, give them credit for the good there is in them. For, it is the spiritual expression that steals from our dogma; the fulness with which it interprets the holy character of God; the nearness it makes us feel of the eternal world to our world, and not simply its logical accuracy, or general orthodoxy, that gives it its worth. The soul is reached religiously by methods of art rather than by methods of science. It is the amount of quickening truth with which our creed is translucent that helps us. Be charitable to your brother, for, with his convictions, even though they be erroneous, if he is no less sensitive than you to a violation of truth, to a stain on his integrity, to passing an uncharitable judgment, or circulating a slander, or bolstering iniquity by a vote, or being found in any way hostile to God, and keeps his soul open to the divine life for purification and strength, both of you have the essential truth. The spirit is near you both, and will use your dogmas with indifferenee to any philosophical weakness or strength. I do not say that truth of creed is not important. I do not say that a

symmetrical and pure theology, an adequate interpretation of the character and work of Christ and of christianity is not a most desirable thing; but I do say that it is the use you make of your lights that is of first importance. The great question is, *what* are you, and what have you done for yourself and for others? Has your faith led to practice, and of what sort is it? For Jesus Christ has come, not that men might have creeds, but that men might have *life;* great, free, full, abundant *life.*

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